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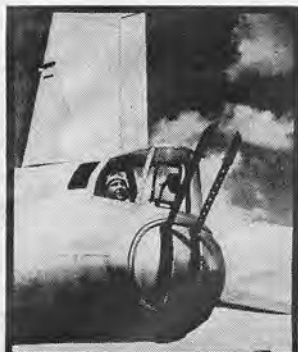
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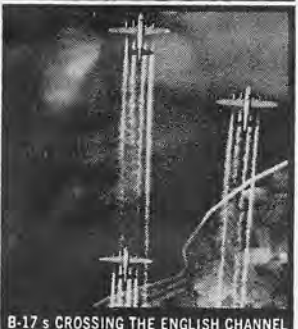
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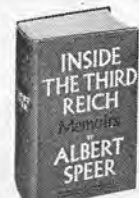
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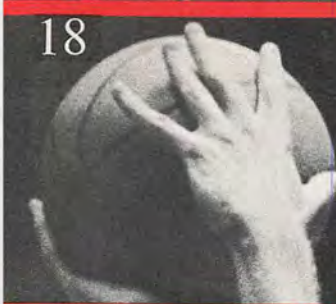
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Next week

FOUR TOP TEAMS are on a collision course: the runaway Lakers will face the Bucks and South Carolina is going to meet Marquette in the best of both basketball worlds.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

RAH

Devoted football fans who have given more than \$2.5 million to the National Football Foundation for a collegiate football Hall of Fame have grown increasingly restless over the years because of the continuing absence of a Hall of Fame building, despite elaborate plans to build same in New Brunswick, N.J., site of the first intercollegiate football game between Rutgers and Princeton in 1869. Repeated complaints finally reached the ears of New York Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, who had his investigators look into the situation.

Last week the attorney general's office announced it had obtained a signed agreement from the foundation, and everything seems to be O.K. now, fans. There was no hanky-panky, just inertia. Reacting to Coach Lefkowitz' locker-room speech, the Hall of Fame people raced out of the huddle, snapped a few audibles at the line of scrimmage and revealed not only that they have managed to obtain rights to a shovel but, that before the next football season rolls around it is entirely possible ground will be broken. Way to move that ball, gang.

LABOR OF HERCULES

A favorite spectator sport this winter in the upper Middle West is watching the University of Minnesota fumble its way toward the selection of a new football coach to replace the departed Murray Warmath. First, Paul Giel, the Minnesota football hero of the 1950s who later pitched for the New York baseball Giants, was appointed athletic director. Then, almost before he was named to the post, Giel withdrew, objecting to University President Malcolm Moos' decision to name a committee to help the athletic director pick the new coach. Dick Siebert, Minnesota's longtime baseball coach, referred to this fiasco as another Bay of Pigs. Giel finally agreed to reconsider when Moos assured him that as athletic director he would have the most say whenever the committee

got together and pondered the problem.

Whether this proves true or not, Giel has a fascinating cross-section of people on the selection committee to help him come up with the right coach. There are Siebert, a baseball man; Max Schultze, a biochemistry professor; Eloise Jaeger, who is chairman of the School of Physical Education; Stan Kegler, a vice-president of the university; Bruce Telander, president of the M Letterman club, who earned his letter for managing the hockey team; and Ernie Cook, an undergraduate who played on the 1971 team. Have fun, Paul.

DEAL

Hiring football coaches is precarious business, even without a committee. Take poor old Rice University, the esteemed intellectual center that hired Bill Peterson away from Florida State a year ago in a determined effort to climb back to the top rung of intercollegiate football. Now Peterson has terminated his Rice contract, which had four years to go, in order to become coach of the Houston Oilers. He explained the move by describing his new professional contract as "close to a lifetime deal."

Rice people feel it will have to go that long to beat the deal Peterson had with them. They say the coach's salary was \$35,000. They add that the university and alumni combined to ante up an extra \$10,000 to compensate Peterson for outside income he gave up when he left Florida. He had a TV show in Houston that reportedly paid him an additional \$4,500. Because a coach needs a place to entertain football people, as well as a room to go over game films, a carpeted, paneled projection room was built at Peterson's house for an estimated \$8,500 (although the coach says \$2,500 is a more valid figure).

"He got a car and free gasoline," an unhappy Rice alumnus said last week. "He was able to buy all of his clothes wholesale. A friend of mine helped him obtain a loan to buy blue-chip stocks

with." The alumnus says Peterson was also invited to invest in a real-estate venture in which other football people were involved. "It was already making money," the Rice man said, "but Pete was let in for the same amount the others had put up originally. When he sells out, there's no way he can't make money."

"I don't know what else we could have done for him," the man said sadly. "We helped him every way possible. And he did a lot for us, too. He got us excited. With Pete, we knew Rice had a chance to win."

Now the alumni who went all-out a year ago to hire a name coach are less than enthusiastic about following the same road again. Once burned, twice cautious. This time they favor the idea of promoting a nice inexpensive assistant coach to the top job.

JERRY-BUILT STRING

Hidden behind the Los Angeles Lakers' resounding winning streak is the personal accomplishment of the adroit Jerry West. Last season the Lakers won the last four games West played in before he was hurt and sidelined for the remainder of the schedule. This year, with West back in the lineup, the Lakers won their first four games. Then Jerry went out with a minor injury. During his absence the Lakers lost three games. When he came back the team began to win again and by New Year's Day had run off 30 in a row. At that point West had played in 38 consecutive Laker victories and had been undefeated since last February. Has any other professional team athlete ever had a comparable string of successes?

THE SUN ALSO RISES

The Japanese invasion of California, first threatened in 1942 just after Pearl Harbor, seems finally to have begun. The Lodi franchise in minor league baseball's California League, which was turned back to the league by the parent San Diego Padres after two seasons of unprofitable management, has been taken over by the Tokyo Lotte Orions of Japan's Pacific League, one of that country's two major baseball circuits. Japanese teams have visited the States on occasion and have played exhibition games here against U.S. major league clubs, and a Japanese player, Masanori Murakami, pitched for the San Francisco Giants for a couple of seasons, but this

continued

is the first time Japanese interests have moved directly into our Organized Baseball scene.

Despite the transpacific ownership, club personnel will remain basically Occidental. Only three native Japanese will be added to the Lodi roster, with the bulk of the players to be provided by whatever U.S. big-league team Lodi effects a working agreement with. Still: three players now, a team tomorrow, maybe Candlestick Park by 1980?

SCHUSS 'EM BY

It probably had nothing to do with Jimmy Hoffa's release from prison, but just about the time the former Teamsters Union boss was walking through the



gates to freedom, Teamsters Local 961—better known as the Aspen Professional Ski Patrol—walked off the job at Aspen Mountain and Snowmass in Colorado. The Teamsters ("If it moves, we'll unionize it," Hoffa once said) organized the ski patrol last spring after a salary dispute and have since insisted on a union shop. The Aspen Skiing Corporation—hereinafter known as management—balked. The ski patrol decided to strike and settled on the busy Christmas season as the jolliest time to schuss off the job. Management retaliated by dismissing the striking patrolmen and hiring replacements. The Teamsters looked on this with disfavor. The breach widened.

Skiing, which has been good, went on pretty much as usual, with lifts continuing to run, but the labor dispute has downhillled its way into the courts.

BRIGHT SIDE

The marlins caught in the Hawaii billfish tournament last summer were later tested for mercury content by the local department of health, by the University of Hawaii's Community Pesticides Laboratory and by the National Marine Fisheries Service in Maryland. Results are now in, and they are both sobering and, in a way, encouraging. All the blue marlins caught in the billfish tournament were contaminated, exceeding the allowable level of mercury as established by the Federal Food and Drug Administration. What is encouraging about this? The sale of marlin for human consumption is now officially banned by Hawaii, which should mean more marlin being released by fishermen. And, of course, more marlin returned to the sea means better sport. It is a small silver lining, but hang on to it.

THE SMELL OF ROSES

The only time Michigan ever beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl was in 1902, back in the days of innocence. But how innocent? According to a recently discovered letter from David Starr Jordan, then president of Stanford, to Dr. Fred N. Scott of Michigan's athletic board, the NCAA apparently would have been kept busy then, too, policing college football. Dr. Scott had been concerned about what we now call illegal recruiting and had discussed with President Jordan a couple of football players—one of them Michigan's immortal Willie Heston—who had come all the way from California to Ann Arbor to matriculate. On May 26, 1903, Jordan wrote from Palo Alto to Scott: "I learned yesterday some facts which may be of possible interest to you. Mr. Gregory, your foot-ball centre, after being dropped from Stanford at Christmas, went to Washburn School at San Jose to prepare to enter the university as a regular student. It would have taken him about two years to meet our requirements. Mrs. Washburn, herself a graduate of Michigan University, and of Stanford also, told me that he did very good work with them until the spring. Mr. Yost [Fielding (Hurry Up) Yost, Michigan's legendary coach] came and offered him to pay all his expenses

if he would go in the fall and enter Michigan University as a student and as a member of his foot-ball team. Mrs. Washburn very much opposed his going, but it was understood that this offer was accepted. It is also locally understood that a similar offer was accepted by Willie Heston, another member of the same foot-ball team in San Jose, who was then ready to enter the freshman class at Stanford University.

"I think there should be no difficulty in showing these cases to be pure professionalism, and that young men who would in time have done good work were perverted from their college course by this means. I do not criticise their going to Michigan University, of course, but going to Michigan University under these irregular circumstances certainly leaves an unpleasant mark."

Is it too late for Stanford to demand a recount?

THEY SAID IT

- Morris Frank, master of ceremonies at a Houston banquet, introducing John Breen, the Oilers' general manager: "He's been here since the team was founded. In fact, he can almost remember every coach's name."
- Rich Rinaldi, Baltimore Bullets' seldom-used fourth guard, discussing his bench-warming status and Coach Gene Shue's habit of offering postgame congratulations: "After we win, Gene will go around the room to each player and say, 'Way to go, Arch,' 'Way to go, Jack.' What's he gonna say when he gets to me? 'Way to clap?'"
- Fred Kern, an assistant football coach at West Point, in answer to a question about Army's possible return to the big time: "We're big time now. The first four games this year were Stanford, Georgia Tech, Missouri and Penn State. Next year we open with Nebraska. If that's not big time, I don't know what is."
- Henry Blaha, captain of the Baltimore Rugby Club, on the differences among rugby, soccer and football: "They say that rugby is a beastly game played by gentlemen, that soccer is a gentleman's game played by beasts and that football is a beastly game played by beasts."
- Stan Watts, Brigham Young basketball coach, asked if he intends to keep a pair of inexperienced 7-footers on his team: "Oh, yes. We'll really be impressive in the airports."

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ALL YOURS, NEBRASKA

The powerful Cornhuskers demolished poor Alabama 38-6 to nail down their second straight national title. Earlier on New Year's Day, Oklahoma crushed Auburn 40-22 to prove it is a worthy runner-up, and on Saturday's lone thriller a gambling Stanford upset Michigan 13-12 after the season's least-safe safety **by DAN JENKINS**

When there was a football game out there to be won, which was not very long, it was difficult to see anyone but those old familiar Nebraska heroes doing what few people except themselves and Bob Devaney knew was possible. Which was the modest stunt of taking Bear Bryant and Alabama and making them look like your neighborhood Texas A&M with a little dash of Oklahoma State thrown in. The 1972 Orange Bowl (see cover) was the game of *what* decade? The 1950s before Bear got to Tuscaloosa? The only game going on for anyone to watch last Saturday night in Miami was between Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers and Rich Glover, to see which one of them could do the most to make it the worst thing that ever happened to Bear Bryant.

One has to look back and wonder what kind of odds a Nebraskan could have gotten from an Alabamian before the opening kickoff if the fellow had said he felt that his Cornhuskers would whip the Crimson Tide worse than Nebraska had whipped Oregon . . . Minnesota . . . Texas A&M . . . Oklahoma State . . . Colorado . . . and Kansas State? Or what if the Nebraskan had said what one of Bob Devaney's associates had whispered, with a sincere expression, that the score would be about 40-7, not knowing that the actual count of 38-6 would be enough to make it the worst loss of Bryant's Alabama career and equal to the worst of his entire life? A lot of people close to Devaney insinuated such madness, and Alabamians only thought them crazier than Miami Beach itself.

What makes this worth dwelling on is that Bear Bryant was in town as the coach with the reputation, the mystique,

the image of the man who can, simply by being around, lend all the glamour and stature that any football situation or game ever needs. And Bob Devaney was there in his accustomed role of good old boy, a man who has never actually had it, despite his own brilliant coaching record.

Devaney has no real star quality, not outside of Nebraska, that is. At least not until right now, this very moment, which finds him and everybody from Nebraska giddy with the delights of a second straight national championship. Celestial fame has set in with the fact that when the Cornhuskers had to go up against all of that Alabama mystique, they calmly shrugged it aside and turned the whole affair into a joke by halftime.

It was 28-0 then. And Rich Glover had made himself as much a part of Alabama's backfield as, shall we say, Johnny Musso. And Johnny Rodgers had already made his usual punt return for a touchdown. And the Alabama Wishbone had been gnawed bare.

"As a matter of fact," said Rodgers later, "a few of us did talk a little bit at the half about the celebration party we were going to have back at the hotel."

While Nebraska got a couple of good breaks that demoralized Alabama early—a clear-cut interference call to set up the first touchdown and a head-ringing fumble to set up the third, both within the game's first 18 minutes—there was something else down there on the field that removed any doubt about the outcome. It was the fact that homebody Devaney had a far better game plan than Bryant—and far better athletes to run it.

The most impressive thing about De-

vaney's Nebraska teams is their discipline and balance. Normally, football teams that rely as much on the forward pass as the Cornhuskers do in their endless I slot and spread formations have a tendency to become eventually nothing more than passing teams, and that won't cut it. Nebraska never has slipped into this fault. It can always run, as indeed it ran on Alabama, with Jeff Kinney and Bill Olds bruising their way for some killing yardage out of what were designed to look like throwing formations, which is what the game plan was all about.

Meanwhile, Alabama's offense was a sad sight. All season long its Wishbone had never looked quite right, despite the victories the Tide kept rolling up. It lacked deception and outside speed, and Alabama Quarterback Terry Davis even confided to a friend before the Orange Bowl, "I've never had to throw when we were behind. I'm not that confident about my passing. I hope we don't get in that situation."

Alabama quickly did get in that situation, mainly because of the last play of the first quarter, when the incomparable Johnny Rodgers stabbed the Tide with a punt return just as he had mortally wounded Oklahoma with one. Once more, he made the biggest play in a big game.

Rodgers took this punt on a sudden bounce 77 yards from the Alabama goal, with red jerseys engulfing him. A swerve to the right, quickly, a turn upfield, a couple of blocks, an alley, and it was burn, baby, burn, right past the Alabama bench. Following a two-point conversion it was 14-0 and get the champagne ready.

continued

Starting his dazzling punt return, Rodgers evades a tackle by All-America Musso (22).





The night's red menace was Nebraska's Rich Glover, who enjoyed prime pickings in the Alabama backfield. Here he tracks down beset Musso.

ALL YOURS, NEBRASKA *continued*

"Johnny's return and a couple of good defensive plays stunned them," said Nebraska Quarterback Jerry Tagge, who did his usual masterful job of passing and "reading." "The thing was, we never really got to see what we could do against them, but everything was working."

The Nebraska coaches knew all along that it would.

"Their Wishbone is two years behind Oklahoma's," one of them said privately. "They must not believe in it totally themselves, because they go to other things at times. We could have beat them bad but Bob isn't that kind of guy."

Which is true. When Alabama's Davis went out with an injury early in the fourth quarter, Devaney took out Tagge, just to be sporting. The game was over, anyway.

One thing about The Bear, though. He's always equal to a loss.

"We were beaten soundly by a far superior team," he said. "I wouldn't have

minded our bunch playing lousy if we could have lucked out and won. But they toyed with us most of the time. They might have been the greatest I've ever seen."

That theme, of course, was sounded before Saturday night ever arrived. Everybody is "great" and "proud" and "happy" to be on hand at every bowl game ever played. This one was so extra special there were two press conferences daily all week long, but they were hardly revealing. Either Bryant or Devaney would enter the little room off the driveway at the Regency Spa Hotel in Miami Beach and try to kill the other with lavish praise. And a man keeping count claimed Bryant and his assistants used the expression, "We're very proud to be here," between 60 and 100 times, a phrase they didn't get to use even once after the game.

Nor was it easy to get a line on the game by observing or chatting with the players on either team. As a group, the

Alabama team seemed more noncommittal, more aloof, perhaps a bit more cocky. Not so much in what few things the players said, but simply in the way they walked, sat, grinned or didn't grin, in public.

Nebraska's players seemed noticeably more at ease than Nebraska's coaches, and there might have been a good reason: Bob Devaney.

"We've tried to see that they have fun, and I've tried not to impress on them the personal importance that I feel about this game," Devaney said. "I've lost twice to Bear and I don't like to think that there's a guy around who can just walk out on the field and beat me any time he wants to—even if his team is very good."

"Fortunately, these players of ours aren't as aware of the Alabama stigma as we coaches. They were only in high school somewhere when Bear beat us in the '60s."

Devaney lost two in a row to Bryant

in Miami and New Orleans after the 1965 and 1966 seasons. It was the first one that hurt the most, for it meant another national championship in another era. Those losses (39-28 and 34-7) did very little for Devaney's image.

The fun the players had consisted of all the things that bring people to a city that would name a roadway after Arthur Godfrey. Both schools dressed their men up in their red blazers and sent them out nightly to shows at various hotels, some of the shows featuring singers and some featuring chorus cuties. They also wound up at the racetracks and the Seaquarium. Nebraska's team even managed to have a dinner at the Bonfire, one of the 79th Street Causeway's best restaurants for sporting types.

Except for one workout a day, which never seemed too harsh, the players had a good deal of time at their respective hotel pools to lie in the sun in tank shirts and shorts. For whatever it was worth, Devaney allowed the Cornhuskers to swim and play frivolous games in the pool. Bryant did not allow swimming. Just drowning, somebody said later, in tears.

There were no comics among the players, but some of them did struggle to convince everybody that they were not getting nervous or tense. Jerry Tagge mentioned at one point that "it's sort of tough to get up for a game in Miami." Jeff Kinney confessed that he had preferred basketball to football in high school. And Rich Glover, in reply to his thoughts about the Crimson Tide, said, "I'm just sitting by the pool listening to soul music on my radio."

It was left to Terry Davis to supply the week's only quality mirth. Asked what it was like to be the field general of a full-house backfield of wine makers, the reference being to Johnny Musso, Joe LaBue and Steve Bisceglia, Davis responded: "Sometimes it's confusing with all those foreigners there. While I'm calling signals, one of 'em will be asking the other one what the play is, and one of 'em will be asking another one what the snap count is. I should have majored in Italian."

Alabama deserved one laugh. And so ended the Orange Bowl laughter.

Hours before Nebraska so conclusively proved it was No. 1, Oklahoma reinforced the suspicion that it is certainly No. 2, Penn State humiliated Dar-

rell Royal and Texas 30-6, and Stanford, that Cinderella Rose Bowl team, ended all of Michigan's pretensions to national honors.

In many ways the Sugar Bowl was even more of a rout than the Orange. Although Oklahoma looked nonchalant, sluggish and even bored on occasion, Jack Mildren and his Sooners erased, once and for all, the myth of Auburn, Pat Sullivan and the mesh jersey. If Oklahoma had truly been aroused it probably could have scored in three figures. The total was 19-0 after the first quarter, 31-0 at halftime and, finally, 40-22.

The Sooners this season were without a doubt faster, bigger, smarter, more deceptive and more varied than any other team in the country except Nebraska. Those two stand alone, and whoever winds up No. 3—and Big Eight fans insist Colorado, beaten only by Nebraska and Oklahoma, rates consideration—is a light year behind the first two.

Before the Rose Bowl began, the unbeaten Michigan Wolverines were telling anyone who would listen that they were the best team in the country. But in the most exciting bowl game of the holiday season, mighty mouse Stanford pulled another upset, just as it did last year when Ohio State was on the verge of becoming national champion.

Stanford is not a bad football team, but it did lose this season to San Jose State, Washington State and Duke, so naturally it was somewhat of an underdog—10½ points, to be exact—to a team that had made it through a Big Ten schedule without a loss. But being the underdog is just what Coach John Ralston and the Indians seem to enjoy, and when they are, anything goes. Such as a fake reverse on the opening kickoff. It did not work, but Michigan should have gotten the message right there. With Stanford, nothing is as it seems.

Midway through the final period, with Michigan leading only 10-3, thanks to a spirited Indians' defense that bottled up the Wolverines' strong running game, Stanford's Steve Murray dropped back to punt. It was fourth down and 10 yards to go from his own 33; there was no doubt that Murray would punt. So the snap went to Fullback Jim Kehl, who slipped the ball forward to Halfback Jackie Brown between his legs. As the Wolverines fell back to block for the punt return there was Brown running

all the way to the Michigan 36. A few plays later Brown raced 24 more for a touchdown and it was 10-10.

With less than four minutes to go, Michigan tried a 46-yard field goal that was short. Where many teams are involved, the missed field goal would mean defeat averted, possession of the ball at the 20-yard line and plenty of time to score, but not for Stanford. Gambling John Ralston ordered a "field goal return." Jim Ferguson, an obedient sophomore, caught the ball in the end zone, came out as far as the five, cut back to the two, was hit by Michigan's Ed Shuttlesworth and thrown back into the end zone. Although Ferguson's forward progress was clearly dead at the two, the back judge, William Quimby, ruled it a safety. Quimby is an official of the—er, well, Big Ten. So instead of having the ball at the 20 and a tie game, Stanford was behind 12-10 and had to kick to Michigan.

But Michigan was unable to run out the clock, and with 1:48 Stanford got the ball on its own 22. Suddenly Don Bunce, the Indians' quarterback, began to look like a combination of Jim Plunkett and John Unitas in his prime. With professional calm Bunce completed four passes, and Stanford had the ball on the Michigan 17. Now there was no more gambling. Bunce called two running plays and a time-out with 12 seconds left. In came 5'9", 155-pound Rod Garcia, a sophomore who had missed five field goal attempts in Stanford's shocking loss to San Jose State. Garcia's kick was dead center and Michigan was just dead, 13-12. To Bo Schembechler, the Wolverines' coach, who had argued with the justice of the polls, it was a bitter moment. As for Stanford, its victory provided a happy ending to what had been a depressing season for West Coast football fans.

Thus the long day worked out just the way Larry Jacobson had said it would. Jacobson, the big Nebraska tackle, was lounging by the swimming pool one day last week. "Come Saturday night, there won't be anything else to discuss," he said. "We'll still be No. 1 and Oklahoma will be back to No. 2."

So it was. As a lot of people had known all along, the real Game of the Decade had already been played back in Norman, Okla. on Thanksgiving Day.

END

THE COWBOYS TAKE IT ON THE LAM

Led by Roger Staubach, who spent the day running away, and a defense that was very Big D, Dallas scooted to the Super Bowl **by TEX MAULE**

The Dallas Cowboys, a patient team with a resourceful quarterback, waited for the San Francisco 49ers to make mistakes in their NFC championship rematch in Irving, Texas last weekend, and San Francisco obliged with enough of them to give the Cowboys their second straight conference title 14-3.

It was in a way a curious game, for

the two teams are more or less mirror images of each other defensively. Dick Nolan, the 49er coach, played with, played under and coached under Dallas' Tom Landry for 11 years. The difference, finally, was the experience edge the Cowboys have in pressure games; this was the sixth year in a row they have been in a playoff.

The first half was played tentatively by both clubs. Neither was able to mount a drive, and they often looked like the offensive and defensive squads in a team scrimmage, both well aware of what the other can do and equally confident of how to stop it.

The Cowboys took quick advantage of the first and most serious 49er mistake. It came early in the second quarter, with San Francisco in possession of the ball on its own 14-yard line. John Brodie had had little luck in trying to run against the redoubtable Dallas defense, and now, for the first time in the game, he tried a screen pass. The softly thrown ball dropped ludicrously into the grasp of Dallas End George Andrie, who recovered from his surprise enough to advance it to the San Francisco two-yard line, where Brodie collaborated on the tackle.

"I took an outside route," Andrie said later. "Len Rohde was riding me out, and I was trying to fight back in against his block when I saw the line setting the screen and went out again. I don't think John even saw me. [He did not.] The ball hit me right in the chest, and it stuck."

Two plays later Calvin Hill leaped high over the massed 49er defense from the one for the touchdown.

The staid pace of the game picked up somewhat after that; indeed it became more what 49er Defensive Tackle Earl Edwards had predicted it would be—"an alley fight with white dinner gloves." The gloves, Edwards explained, were because you had to abide by the rules.

"When you get seven behind in an extremely defensive game like this," said Paul Wiggin, the 49ers' defensive line coach, "the tempo really goes against you. That's what happened to us."

San Francisco's defense had certainly done its homework. "We're a year older, and we won't be affected by the junk they'll throw at us," Middle Linebacker Frank Nunley had said before the game. "All the motion, formations and shifts you never see anywhere else. We get our game plan out



Roger the Dodger rides again as Staubach reverts to his old scrambling, ambling self.



of a computer, which shows exactly what Dallas is. You think of them as a wide-open offense. It *is* explosive, but basically very conservative."

In the final analysis, though, the difference between these teams, and something no computer can be programmed for, was the ability of Roger Staubach, the Dallas quarterback, to ad lib and scramble, especially in the second half. In the first half the San Francisco pass rush headed by Defensive End Cedrick Hardman caused Staubach to hurry his passes, so that he missed open receivers several times.

"I think I have made progress game by game since I became a starter," he said later. "But I didn't take another step up today. I was very disappointed in the way I threw the ball. I was rushing the throw and sailing the ball, but I did better in the second half, I think. And, of course, they were playing great defensive ball."

"Certain players have something, I don't know what it is, an inner gyroscope or something," said Wiggin about Staubach's scrambling. "They can stay on their feet in pressure situations, they have great balance. We have good tacklers on this team, but even our aces were missing. You would not categorize what you saw as intellectual, sustained foot-

continued



Creating vast confusion among the 49ers, he only rarely suffered the redshirt treatment.

ball, but Dallas capitalized on this one dimension, the quarterback scramble."

The prime example of what might be called the Staubach Dimension came in the only long drive of the game, an 80-yard stop-and-go march that began late in the third period, after Bruce Gossett had kicked a 28-yard field goal to make the score 7-3, and ended early in the fourth with the second Cowboy touchdown. With third and seven on the Dallas 23, Landry sent Player-Coach Dan Reeves in at a running-back post for his pass-catching ability. Staubach faded back and found his receivers covered. So he faded back some more, all the way to his three-yard line, scampering away from what seemed like scores of would-be tacklers. Then he turned up-field until he finally saw Reeves alone at the Dallas 32 and threw to him. The play got the first down. In retrospect, it also insured the Dallas victory.

Dave Wilcox, a 49er linebacker who used to wrestle steers in rodeos, had a shot or two at Staubach during the afternoon and missed. "A defensive player always has it in his mind to bust a quarterback up," said Wilcox. "Of course, you miss tackles that way. I hate to say it, but a quarterback who plays that way gets hurt sooner or later. I guess he doesn't want to play too long."

The second big play in the drive was a pass to Tight End Billy Truax which was, in a sense, a tribute to the San Francisco coverage. "The primary receiver on that play was supposed to be Bob Hayes," Staubach said. "But they had double coverage on Bob, and I had to go to Truax."

Truax caught the ball, thrown on a hard, flat trajectory, on the San Francisco 42-yard line and bulled for 10 more yards. "We made Staubach do what we wanted him to do," Nunley said later. "We contained the end run, we made him throw and we had his principal receivers covered. The things that we couldn't foresee beat us. When a quarterback scrambles, he has to take some shots, and I guarantee he took some good shots today. He's tougher than I thought."

Staubach next scrambled to the San Francisco 24, and from there the Cowboys worked the ball down to the two,

before Duane Thomas took it over. On the touchdown play Thomas lined up in the wrong position and shifted just before the snap of the ball. After the game Garrison said *he* had been lined up wrong, not Thomas. Staubach, however, said Thomas had been out of position and had corrected himself just in time.

Garrison was asked why he had tried to take the blame. "Hell," he said, "Thomas has taken so much ridicule I thought it wouldn't hurt me to say I was wrong on this one. It didn't make any difference. He's such a great runner, he would probably have scored no matter where he lined up."

Staubach had a difficult time trying to read some new wrinkles in the 49er defensive backfield, which may account for the fact that he kept the ball and ran with it eight times for a total of 55 yards and was thrown six times attempting to pass, for a loss of 31 yards. One of his worst tormentors was Hardman, whom Ken Willard, the 49er run-

ning back, has renamed Fontana Wagonwheel for his incipient career as a Western movie star.

"They showed us a few sets they hadn't used before," admitted Dallas Middle Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan, "but we have a big plus going for us. Our own offense, in practice, shows us almost every set anyone can use. They might beat us once in a new set, but they don't beat us twice."

Jordan intercepted a pass late in the game to throttle a last-gasp 49er bid. At the time there was 2:30 left to play, the Cowboys led 14-3 and Brodie desperately needed a quick touchdown. "I called a change-up on defense," Jordan said. "Then I dropped back into the alley I thought he would throw down, and I don't think he ever saw me. He threw the ball right to me." Bad habit, that.

There was another interception by Safety Cliff Harris at the two-yard line as time ran out, but the only people it meant anything to were the bettors who had taken Dallas and given 7½ points,



George Andrie lies near goal line after interception leading to first Dallas score. John Brodie, who threw the ball, lies at his feet.

which must have included nearly every one of the 66,311 in the stadium, to judge by the roar with which they greeted Harris' play.

The Cowboys were notably matter of fact about the win, not particularly caring which team they would meet in the Super Bowl. "After the Chicago game, none of us were talking about the Super Bowl," said Staubach. (The Cowboys were four and three at that time, and Landry had not decided who would be his quarterback. It was after that loss, in which he shuttled Craig Morton and Staubach, that Landry decided to go with Staubach full-time.) "I didn't even know then if I had a job," Staubach went on, "and I think we might have done just as well if Coach had decided to go with Morton. It's hard for me to realize what has happened since then. I don't really care if we play Baltimore or Miami. I'm just glad we're there."

It probably does not make a lot of difference that it is Miami, since the Cowboys can lick either one.



'THEY KEPT COMING AND COMING'

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Well, all right, who *are* those guys? Not the ones who have been chasing Jim Kiick and Larry Csonka all season. Not Bob Griese. Everybody knows Bob, the quarterback who chills you to death with brains and an occasional mile-long pass to Paul Warfield. Not Warfield, either. Everybody knows Paul, the third star in Brother Griese's Sensational Miami Dolphin Traveling Offensive Show: Butch (Kiick) Cassidy and The Sundance Kid (Csonka), and Bojangles. Warfield is the one who never touches the ground, who dances around out there and, eventually, looks to heaven and pulls down a Griese touchdown pass behind those poor fools on the other team who think they can cover him forever.

No, what we want to know here is, who is Bob Heinz and what is he doing sitting on Johnny Unitas' chest? And who is Jim Riley and what is he doing clawing at Johnny Unitas' jersey? And who is Jake Scott, and what is he doing breaking into Johnny Unitas' pattern and making off with a pass? With a broken hand, yet. And who is Dick Anderson, and what gave him the idea he could run an interception of a Unitas pass back 62 yards through a field littered with Baltimore Colts to a touchdown?

And who are Mike Kolen and Tim Foley and Manny Fernandez and Curtis Johnson, and . . . ah, but you've guessed by now, haven't you? Why, of course. They are the names under "Miami defense" in the game program. "The No-Names," says Bill Arnsperger, who coaches them for Don Shula, the Head Dolphin. The elastic-band defense. The one that bends but never—well, seldom—snaps. The one that always gives you enough rope to hang yourself, and then doesn't get any credit for the execution. Arnsperger has a *mot* for that. "You can accomplish a lot if you don't worry about who gets the credit," he says.

Shula, of course, knows the names, and knows all about credit. Somebody asked him in the days preceding this last fateful showdown—American Con-

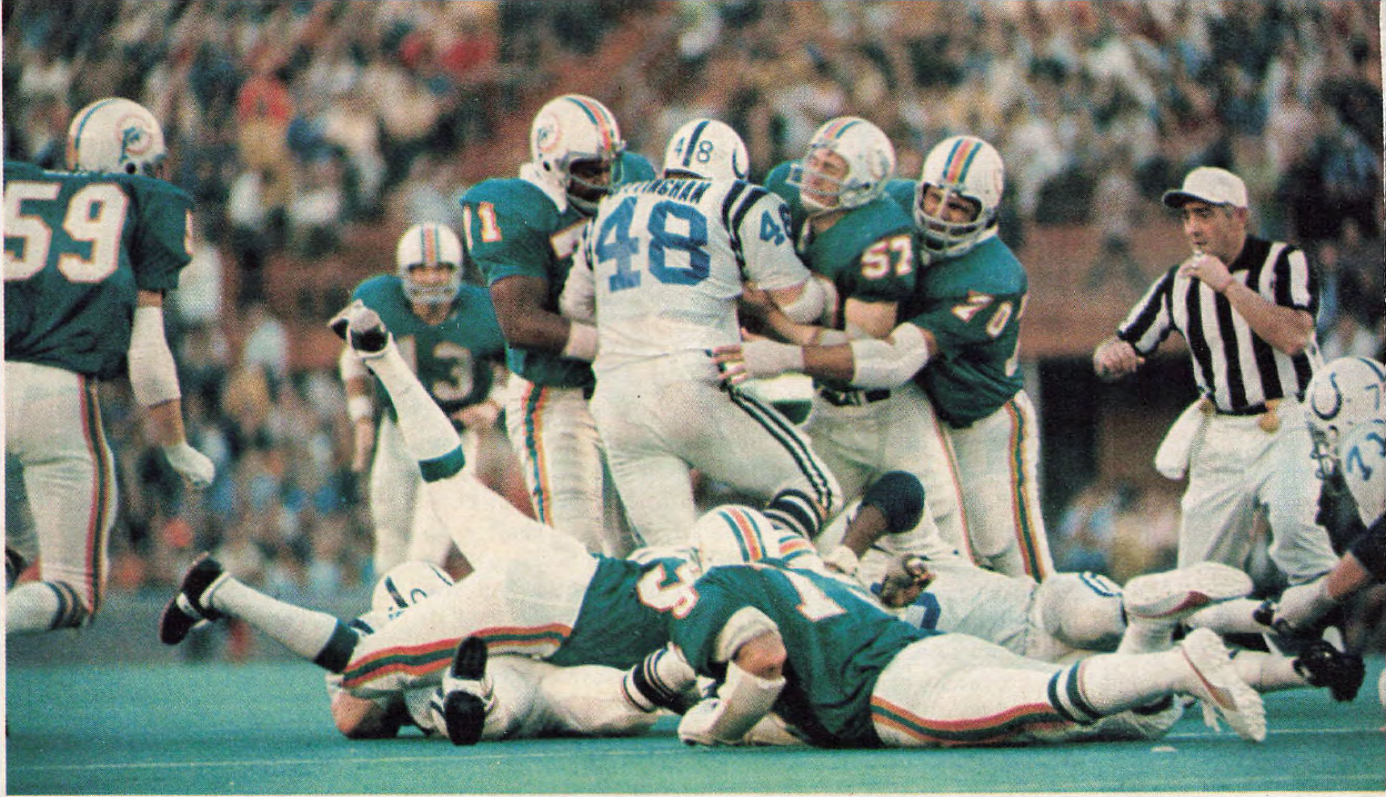
ference championship, Super Bowl trip to New Orleans, toughest team on the block—if he would not be willing to concede the 14 points Baltimore got on the Miami defense each of the first two times the teams met during the regular season. Shula's expression hardened briefly into what he calls his "dull sideline look." "I don't think," he said quietly, "that this defense would concede two touchdowns to anybody."

Two touchdowns? The Colts got none. Oh, they threatened a couple of times, but Miami just dangled it before them and yanked it away. The tools Baltimore had used to beat the Dolphins at home last month had been taken from them, as surely as if by surgery, and when the realization finally hit it was devastating. With two minutes to play and Miami ahead by the final score of 21-0 and 78,629 Orange Bowl fans gone barmy, Carroll Rosenbloom, the owner of the Colts and a man still unable to forgive Shula for leaving his employ two years ago, got up from his seat high in the press box, sucked on a cigarette, shook his good gray head from side to side and slowly turned away.

The Miami defense had done to the proud Colts, the champions of all of football, what no defense had done in 96 games. It had shut them out. It had, in fact, humiliated them, not by bruting them around but by teasing them. Bill Curry, center on four Super Bowl teams, cried when it was over. "I can't believe it," he said. Don Nottingham, the running back, tried vainly to recollect all that he had seen. "They just kept coming at us and coming at us," he said.

How did it happen? Shula had counted the ways in the long hours before the game, even as he was being egged on to resume the old conflict with Rosenbloom. He had, as always, maintained the dignity of silence that often escapes Rosenbloom on that issue. "I have not replied, and I won't," Shula had said. Then he talked about how Baltimore—how Unitas, really, because old John is still the Baltimore offense, and never mind the lines at his eyes and the veins in

continued



his legs—had cut the Dolphins into shish kebab in the game at Baltimore with two dawdling touchdown drives, dumping to a halfback here, screening there, never throwing long.

Then, with Arnsperger, Shula had “discarded a few things and added a few things.” Nothing dramatic, nothing drastic. But instead of Miami’s linebackers flying in all directions to prevent Unitas from throwing over them, they were instructed to stay put more. To be around the Baltimore backs as they came out of the backfield. To anticipate the screens. To play a kind of loose man-to-man, if you will, that would supplement the cloying, deep Miami zone. “For the rest of us,” said Cornerback Tim Foley, “it was get back upfield as quickly as you can when you see where the ball is. React. Support.”

Meanwhile, the Colts were thinking this way: they had the defense, Miami had the offense. Advantage, Baltimore. The only guy they really seemed concerned about was Nick Buoniconti, the Dolphins’ defensive captain and middle linebacker. How well he maneuvers to the sidelines, how often he arrives to plug a hole. There was unanimity among the Colts that they had what it takes to do it all over again; control the ball, control the game. There was an insouciance about them, and their preparation was businesslike.

The thing that worried them most was the Miami heat. They hinted broadly that the heat was what had beaten them there before. They arrived in Tampa five days prior to the game “to get acclimated.” They talked, as Miami *News* Columnist John Crittenden wrote, as if they would need malaria shots and a machete to cut through the jungles of the Orange Bowl on game day. Crittenden suggested they bring umbrellas.

He was right. The game began in a cooling drizzle, with dusk coming on, and ended long after nightfall. And by then some wondrous things had happened. To begin, on Miami’s second possession, second and five on the Miami 25, Griesse faked a handoff, then quickly set himself to throw. His play action froze Rick Volk, the safetyman on that side. Warfield took off, was bumped in a de-

laying tactic by Cornerback Rex Kern and then fled past him. Kern tried to recover. Too late. Volk tried to recover. Too late. Griesse’s spiral arched over the head of the leaping Kern at midfield, and Volk on a motorcycle couldn’t have caught Warfield—7-0, Miami.

Now a familiar pattern began to manifest itself. The short passes Unitas had used to beat Miami before were not available to him. Since his backs were covered by linebackers, he had to look elsewhere. There was a crucial hesitation. Instead of releasing in a second and a half, it was sometimes two seconds and three seconds plus, and by then he was being harassed and pressured by Riley, Fernandez, Heinz and Bill Stanfill. Three times they got him outright. There was no need for Miami to blitz. In fact, the Dolphins did not blitz the entire game, which is just as well because Unitas has been known to feed off blitzes.

Worst of all, when Unitas *had* to throw beyond the short-to-medium range, his passes had no sting. Occasionally he would snap one through—a curl-in to Eddie Hinton, a sidelineer to Tom Mitchell. But more than a few times he was off target and his balls fluttered. And Miami defended tenaciously. “Maybe we’re nondescript,” said Buoniconti, “maybe we don’t have any Doomsday guys out there, but we work our butts off.”

Their hardest job came midway in the second quarter after Unitas had marched his team 72 yards to the Dolphin nine. The score was still 7-0, and it was fourth and two. Instead of trying a field goal, Unitas sent the doughty Nottingham into the line. For the only time in the game, the Miami tackles slanted down outside instead of pinching, while Buoniconti filled the gap. Nottingham had nowhere to go and came up short. The Colts never got as far again.

It could be said that half of Baltimore’s rushing attack was in street clothes—Norm Bulaich, limping on the sidelines, watching Nottingham fill his shoes. Tom Matte, too, was hurt and played only briefly. But Nottingham and another rookie, Don McCauley, performed creditably enough and, in fact, were not embarrassed by the celebrated pair, Kiick and Csonka. Neither running attack was consistent, anyway, so cancel them out. They were not factors.

So it was that the two giants sparred into the third quarter, and by now it was obviously a struggle of will between

two strong quarterbacks: Griesse, playing it coy, passing hardly at all (he threw only eight times all game), and Unitas, trying to regain control but being tempted more and more into cutting loose. Which he finally did. Disastrously.

For Hinton he aimed, long and too high, and Curtis Johnson got under it, too, and tipped the ball to Anderson. Running first to his right, then to the left across the grain, Anderson picked up block after block from guys who are not paid for that kind of work—Heinz, Scott, Doug Swift and Mike Kolen, the linebackers, and Foley. “I knew who it was I blocked, all right,” said Foley. “John Williams. I know because I was excited about getting the chance, since he’d been laying into me pretty good all day.” Anderson picked his way through the falling bodies all the way across the Baltimore goal line. And somehow that one deciding play best explained the Miami effort: a cohesion of will and fury, an intensity of purpose, a total involvement.

Now it was 14-0, and ere long Unitas was intercepted again, by Scott this time. After that Griesse reached another one out to Warfield, a 50-yarder on a third-and-two call from the Miami 45. After catching the ball, Warfield stopped to let Volk and Charlie Stukes fly by. Then he turned his back on them “to assess the situation.” Still facing the wrong way, Warfield planted his right foot, did a three-step juke, circled around the converging Volk and Stukes and took off for 15 more yards to the Colt five, from whence Csonka jammed it across to make the score 21-0.

There is a scene in their favorite movie where Butch Kiick and the Sundance Csonka, making good another breathtaking escape, leap off a high cliff into a puddle of water (well, a small river). “Sheeeeeee,” yells the Kid as he hurtles down, having been assured by Butch’s argument that his being a nonswimmer is irrelevant because the fall will probably kill him anyway. Butch and the Kid survive a) the fall and b) the swim, and go on to further adventures. Jim Kiick considers it a terrific scene, and very significant.

All good chases must come to an end, but where? For the Dolphins it has already been a magnificent quest, a great chase. “But you see,” says Csonka, “there is one more job, in New Orleans. After that? After that a breather.” **END**

Dolphin defense, walling off Colts' Nottingham (48, above), stopped him again on critical fourth-and-two a few plays later, then trotted off field as officials indicated ball goes over.

COURT TRIAL FOR UCLA'S NEW GANG

The jury was still out. Then the Bruin sophomores met well-regarded Ohio State. Verdict: Wooden's boys are at it again **by WILLIAM F. REED**

So you thought it was all up with UCLA? That the dynasty was over because Sidney Wicks and the rest of that big, intimidating company he kept had graduated? Well, dream no more. The unbeatable John Wooden is building what might be another superteam. It might, on second thought, be even better than that. It is led by redheaded Bill Walton, 6' 11" sophomore center who does everything but help the Bruin pom-pom girls with their dance routines. Walton scores, he rebounds, he blocks shots, he directs traffic and he starts the fast break faster and better than anybody else in the college game.

It is inevitable that Bill Walton be compared to Lew Alcindor, but that is unfair to both and pointless. Walton is an original, with his own style. He is like Alcindor only in that he always seems to win. Because of him, UCLA followers are beginning to say the Bruins will have a problem: finding room around the increasingly crowded ceiling of Pauley Pavilion for the new national-championship banners the Walton Gang is going to hang there before leaving three years from now.

It is mainly because of Walton's many talents that this UCLA team has landed with almost as much impact as the Alcindor sophomores of five years ago.





The Waltons run a devastating fast break, and they work Wooden's famed full-court zone press better than any UCLA team since the Goodrich-Hazard-Erickson era. But what sets them apart from other UCLA teams is that, unlike some of those unlovable IBM machines of the past few years, the new group exudes so much energy and charm that it might eventually become the most popular Bruin team ever. Even Wooden admits that he is captivated by the new bunch.

"I'm really having fun with this team," Wooden said as he nursed a ginger ale at a cocktail party one night last week. "Why, this team is exciting even when it makes mistakes! And it makes a lot, being so young."

The only starter back from last season's national championship team—Wooden's fifth in a row and his seventh in the last eight years—is Henry Bibby, the quick little guard with the deft shooting touch. So far he has been UCLA's steadying influence, as well as its leading scorer. The sophomores joining Walton in the starting lineup are 6' 6" Keith Wilkes, 18, a smooth, willowy forward, and 6' 4" Greg Lee, 20, the floor leader who runs the point offense that Wooden dreamed up specially for this team. The fifth starter, 6' 5" Larry Farmer, is a junior who spent most of last season on the bench watching Wicks and Curtis Rowe perform.

Before last week the Walton Gang was still pretty much of an unknown quantity, even though it was unbeaten, ranked No. 1 in all the polls and averaging more than 112 points a game. All of its first six games were in friendly Pauley Pavilion, and all were against opponents who probably couldn't hold their own against the pompon girls. Knowledgeable fans were reserving judgment until UCLA met Ohio State in the final of the Bruin Classic.

On paper at least, the Buckeyes seemed worthy challengers. They came to town with a 6-1 record and the No. 6 national ranking. They had a fine outside shooter in Guard Allan Hornyak, who once scored 86 points in a high school game, and they seemed to have an in-

teresting matchup for Walton in 7-foot Luke Witte. To set the stage, Ohio State disposed of Arizona 90-47 in the first round, and the Bruins drubbed Texas 115-65 behind Walton's 28 points and 24 rebounds. The UCLA win at first appeared more costly than it should have been since Lee, the playmaker, suffered a bruised heel and was declared out of the Ohio State game. His absence, however, only proved how strong the Bruins are. With a capacity crowd of 12,820 shrieking its approval, they routed Ohio State 79-53. The game was never close.

"We wanted this one bad," said Walton, and that was obvious from the opening tip-off. Early on, the Buckeyes couldn't stop UCLA's fast break, nor could they seem to get around Walton, who blocked six shots in the first half.

After only four minutes the Bruins led 11-1. When the score got to be 30-10, Ohio Coach Fred Taylor said he felt like "getting up and going to Disneyland." The overmatched Witte threw up a few air balls and did not get much of anything done until Walton, who played only 17 minutes and 56 seconds of the game, took a breather late in the period. And poor Hornyak was not able to get so much as a single field goal past Bibby's tenacious defense.

The second half was gratifying to Wooden because of the way UCLA kept its cool after Walton picked up his fourth foul and was lifted with 18:07 remaining. The Bruins are so deep that their second team probably could win a Big Eight or SEC championship. Wooden has said that Walton's understudy, 6' 11" Swen Nater, could be better than Steve Patterson, last year's center, and he rates sophomore Tommy Curtis almost even with Lee. They each made big plays in the second half. After the game Walton was asked if Witte was the best defensive center he had played against.

"No," he said.

Then who?

"Swen Nater," said Walton. "It really helps me to play against him every day in practice."

The Bruins' new superstar comes from a supersized clan. His father, a director in the San Diego Department of Public Welfare, is 6' 4". Older brother Bruce, a starting offensive tackle for UCLA's football team, is 6' 6" and 250 pounds

continued

Bill Walton, newest Bruin giant, is softening the old team image with his happy play.

(Bill weighs only 210). Younger brother Andy, a high school junior and a promising basketball player, is 6' 5" and 200. "Bill loves to eat," says his mother, who at 5' 10" is a midget next to her men-folk, "but then we all do."

Bill began playing several sports as a fourth-grader at Blessed Sacrament elementary school in La Mesa, a suburb of San Diego. He liked to high-jump and play football, but by the time he got to be a freshman in high school he was concentrating almost exclusively on basketball. As a senior he led Helix High to a 33-0 record, averaged 29 points a game and made 78% of his shots from the floor. After getting a load of Walton's act, Pete Newell of the Houston Rockets said, "He may be the most dominant center ever to play basketball." Walton led the Bruin freshmen to a 20-0 record and, more important, established a solid rapport with his teammates that has carried over into this season.

The other sophomore starters are special, too. Lee, a coach's son, was the Los Angeles city high school player of the year for two straight seasons. He is the all-American boy—handsome, muscular, a straight A student. That he would attend UCLA was almost a foregone conclusion. As a youngster, he helped his father usher at Bruin home games and, says Greg, "I guess I grew up hating USC."

The youngest member of the squad is Wilkes, who will not turn 19 until next May. A minister's son, he is shy and quiet off the floor. Even during games he is so unobtrusive that people often are shocked to learn at the end that he scored 20 points. With only 167 pounds on his 6' 6" frame, Wilkes is the one Bruin who is thinner than Walton. "I eat three meals a day," he says, "but I just can't seem to get my weight up." Says Wooden, in his best church-deacon manner, "When I'm inclined to wish that he were older and heavier, it is a failure on my part to count my blessings because he has so many fine qualities just as he is." Amen.

This season's UCLA team began to take shape during the summer, when Wooden spent countless hours and "about 20 or 30 notebooks" devising an offense tailored to his new team's specifications. "It's not completely different," Wooden says. "It's something I borrowed from our Alcindor teams, plus

what we did when we didn't have him, plus a few wrinkles." Generally, it is a modified 1-2-2 setup with Lee playing the point, Bibby and Farmer spread out on the wings and Wilkes and Walton setting up under the basket on opposite sides of the foul lane. Often it quickly becomes a 1-3-1 arrangement with Wilkes breaking out to set up a high post at the foul line.

"The idea is to put each player where he can work to maximum efficiency," says Wooden. "I knew Walton would accept it because the principal feed is to him. We needed a quick kid who is a good shooter for the high post, and that was Wilkes. Lee has strong hands and he is an unselfish passer, so he was our point man. And it suits Bibby to a T because he does not have to bring the ball up the floor, as he did last year; he is getting his shots from the side, where he hits best." The other wingman, Farmer, was not pulling his weight in the early season, but against Texas he began to find himself, working inside or hitting short jumpers for 16 points.

Wooden revived an old friend—the fast break—to take advantage of this team's overall quickness and, mainly, Walton's extraordinary ability to dominate the defensive boards and throw the quickest outlet pass this side of Wes Unseld. After leaping high to grab a rebound, Walton likes to spin in the air and fire off a bazooka shot to a teammate dashing madly up the floor. Says Bibby, who often is on the receiving end of Walton's heaves, "I think Bill enjoys that more than any other part of the game." Adds Wooden, "He could be the best I've ever seen at throwing the outlet pass."

It is a gift, according to Walton, that he acquired out of necessity. Between his freshman and sophomore years at Helix High School he had some cartilage removed from his left knee, and it was then that he learned how to get rid of the ball.

"I couldn't run very well," he says. "So there was no way I could stay with everybody in our fast break. All I did was get the rebound, make the quick pass and watch everybody go. I got pretty good at it because I did it so much. And I sort of enjoyed standing back there watching our guys destroying everybody at the other end." He still does.

As if all this weren't enough, Walton

also runs UCLA's 1-2-2 zone press. As the deep man, he can see the entire floor and has made it his responsibility to tell his teammates where to go and what to do. It is a role that Walton relishes. He looks like a towering traffic cop, waving, pointing, always moving and chattering. When Wilkes is about to run into a pick, Walton screams, "High post, Keith, high post." Or if he thinks Bibby is being a bit too aggressive he yells, "No fouls, Henry." Sometimes Walton gets so carried away with his policeman's role that he loses sight of his own man. Then there is a flurry of red hair and waving arms as he scrambles to catch up.

That Walton does so much and moves so well is remarkable, considering that he has a serious condition known as tendinitis in both knees. He played with a good deal of pain until this season, when he undertook a program of therapy recommended by Dr. Robert Kerlan. Each day Walton spends half an hour before practice applying heat to his knees and another half hour afterward applying ice. "Now the only time they bother me is when I play a lot of games in a row," says Walton.

The knee treatments also give Walton a convenient excuse for avoiding post-game interviews. Instead of opening his dressing room to the press, it is Wooden's policy to allow only one or two players, usually the game stars, to be questioned. Up until the tournament finale, Walton had avoided all the sessions, ostensibly because he was busy icing his knees. When he does consent to an interview, he answers questions deliberately and thoughtfully, exhibiting none of the boyish enthusiasm that is his trademark on the floor.

Wooden's only serious criticism of Walton is that he is sometimes "too emotional." He has a tendency to hang his head or give up momentarily after making a mistake, habits Wooden is trying hard to break. "Sometimes he expects too much of himself," says Wooden.

Now that Walton and his friends have proved they can beat a good team, they must prove they can win on the road. Their first chance comes this weekend, when they open their Pacific Eight schedule with back-to-back games at Oregon State and Oregon. From now on the pressure will be enormous, but the Walton Gang seems in command. UCLA is always in command.

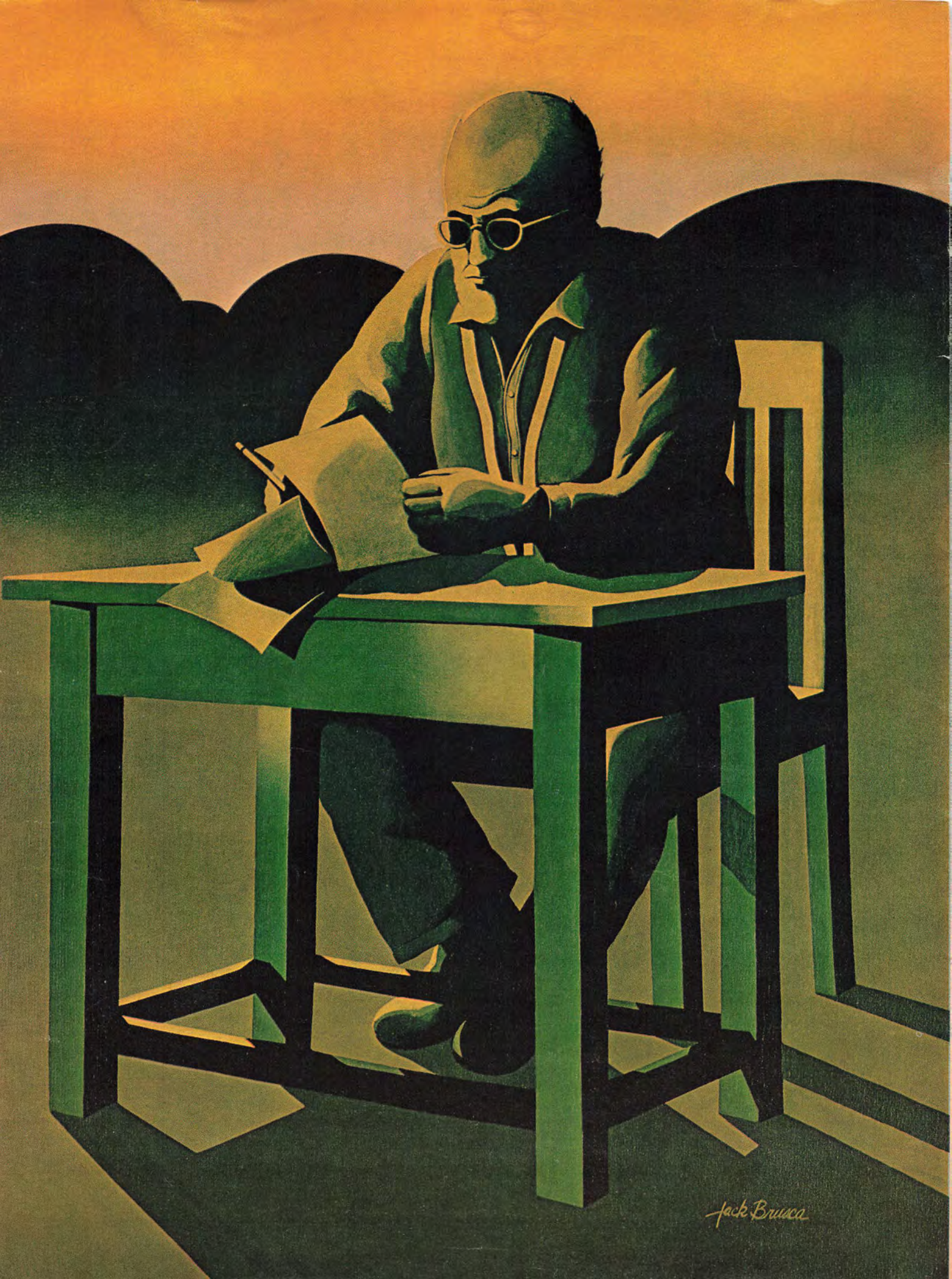
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Part 3

African Journal

Imperiled Flanks

by Ernest Hemingway

Action blends with retrospection, the hunt with the haunt, as the Hemingways' 1953 safari nears its end. Miss Mary has shot her lion under circumstances slightly tarnished and is off to Nairobi to do her Christmas shopping. Left on his own, Ernest kills a killer leopard, bluffs a Masai chief, tests the spear as a big-game weapon and reflects upon the prospects for the human soul.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Miss Mary, who by her absence permits certain adventures on the part of Ernest, or perhaps indulgences.

Ngui, who is superb as a gunbearer when the quarry is leopard but unhappily missing when the quarry is Ernest.

Charo, who is far too old to be mauled by leopard once again and far too brave not to want to risk the chance.

Mr. Singh, who runs a stimulating little shop in Loitokitok and displays exquisite diplomacy, backed by a pistol.

I was alone with Miss Mary's sorrow. I was not really alone because there was also Miss Mary and the camp and our own people and the big mountain of Kilimanjaro that everyone called Kibo, and all the animals and the birds and the new fields of flowers and the worms that hatched out of the ground to eat the flowers. There were the brown eagles that came to feed on the worms so that eagles were as common as chickens and eagles wearing long brown trousers of feathers and other white-headed eagles walked together with the guinea fowl busily eating the worms. The worms made an armistice among all the birds and they all walked together. Then great flocks of European storks came to eat the worms and there would be acres of storks moving on a single stretch of plain grown high with the white flowers....¹

There is a virginity that you, in theory, only bring once to a beautiful city or a great painting. This is only a theory and I think it is untrue. All the things that I have loved I bring this to each time, but it is lovely to bring someone else to it and it helps the loneliness. Mary had loved Spain and Africa and had learned the secret things naturally and hardly without knowing she had learned them. I never explained the secret things to her; only the technical things or the comic things and my greatest pleasure came from her own discovering. It is stupid to expect or hope that a woman that you love should love all the things that you do. But Mary had loved the sea and living on a small boat and she loved fishing. She loved pictures and she had loved the West of the United States when we had first gone there together. She never simulated anything and this was a great gift to be given, as I had been associated with a great simulator of everything and life with a true simulator gives a man a very unattractive view of many things and he can begin to

cherish loneliness rather than to wish to share anything.

Now this morning with the day becoming hot and the cool wind from the mountain not having risen we were working out a new trail out of the forest that the elephants had destroyed. After we came out into the open prairie land after having to cut our way through a couple of bad places, we saw the first great flock of storks feeding. They were true European storks, black and white and red-legged, and they were working on the caterpillars as though they were German storks and under orders. Miss Mary liked them and they meant much to her since we had both been worried about an article that said that storks were becoming extinct and now we found that they had merely had good sense enough to come to Africa as we had done ourselves; but they did not take away her sorrow and we went on toward camp. I did not know what to do about Miss Mary's sorrow. It was proofed against eagles and proofed against storks, against neither of which I had any defense at all, and I began to know how great a sorrow it really was.

Ngui noticed that something was wrong and he took out the Jinny flask from the Spanish leather cartridge bag and handed it to me. I passed it back to Miss Mary who was watching the storks rather grimly. I looked at them and decided there were probably too many damned storks and that was why they had no power against her sorrow.

"Aren't you drinking a little early in the day?" she asked. I noticed hopefully that she was holding the Jinny flask.

"I hope not," I said. "For my stomach's sake."

She still retained the bottle and I thought I heard her open it. Ngui nodded imperceptibly.

"Give your damned sorrow a drink and I'll take one too."

"I took a small drink," she said and handed back the bottle. "What have you been thinking of all morning when you've been so uncommonly silent?"

"About birds and places and how nice you are."

"That was nice of you."

"I didn't do it as a spiritual exercise."

"I'll be all right. People don't just jump in and out of bottomless pits."

"They're going to make it an Olympic event."

"You'll probably win it."

"I have my backers."

"Your backers are all dead like my lion. You probably shot all your backers one day when you were feeling especially wonderful."

"Look, there's another field of storks."

"Yes," she said. "Look, there's another field of storks."

* * *

Africa is a dangerous place for a great sorrow to live very long when there are only two people in a

¹ Four dots mark a deletion in a passage in which there is a continuity of setting and time. Three asterisks mark deletions involving a change of setting and time.

camp and when it gets dark shortly after six o'clock in the evening, even when the sorrow involved the shooting of Miss Mary's lion not quite in the way we had hoped.... We sat in the tent by ourselves at the table and the thousands of insects came against the netted door wishing to die against the petrol lamp and we talked about how wonderful it was that we had not seen a bore for more than five months which could easily be a record in this world where bores can now move from place to place so rapidly. We had seen them of course each time we had been forced into a town. But we had not entertained any nor fed with any. We talked about how important it is not to eat with your enemies. You drink with them in legitimate defense; but if you eat with them you are a fool and should be punished as an unsuccessful suicide is punished. It was pleasant to remember how we had gone five months without breaking bread with a wealthy bore and I knew that we owed the Mau Mau a considerable debt for this. Sitting there in the tent Miss Mary was happy again as we were almost always happy when we were alone enough together.



In the morning Ngui and I hunted leopard. It was a new day, as fresh and new as always, but neither of us had any confidence in the baits and I began to remember how leopards would come once to a dead baboon and feed and then not return. I could not blame them and thought this was admirable. Walking home through the wet grass I thought of all the nonsense I had read and heard about hunting leopards. Now that they were Royal Game [protected] and not just a beast that you shot for their hide as in the old days the white hunters had built them up into a really terrific animal. They were a fine cat. Perhaps the best and the fastest and strongest for their size and they could be very dangerous when they were wounded. Pop had drilled and redrilled that into me because he thought I did not take them seriously enough because I knew cats and liked them. A lioness was a cat, a true cat, and I always thought that I could think inside of her head. Cats are supposed to be very mysterious but they are not if you have any cat blood. I had a lot of cat blood; too much for my

own good, but quite useful around cats. I had bear blood too and could think in a bear's head and talk with a bear and get him to do anything reasonable and I have been drunk with bears many times. I smelled very good to bears and they smelled very good to me and I had never known a bear that I could not be friends with.

Walking in the morning with the day newly made and the pleasant cold wetnesses of your low boots and the wet of your khaki trousers against the calves of your legs it was fun to think about the different cats and about bears. A male lion never really seemed like a cat. He had some other kind of blood and the main cat qualities he had were his laziness and his short, terrible speed. The cheetah too never really seemed like a cat. He had dog blood and his long turn of speed was more like a greyhound's than like any cat's. The leopard was a true cat though and a really wonderful one. The white hunters told their clients that you never saw them, or almost never, in the open or except when they came to a bait. This of course made it a great and rare event for a client to see a leopard in the open redounding both to the credit of the white hunter and the extraordinary luck of the client.

The way the white hunters ran safaris now they hung a series of leopard baits in trees, small buck, warthogs and other animals, and left them to rot. In the evening they would drive by the baits and drop their clients off into the blinds that had been built to conceal them and when it came dark and the leopards climbed the trees to feed, the clients would shoot them in the last fading light with the help of their telescopic sights. This was leopard hunting now and the clients were led to believe that there was no other way. The great moment was when the leopard miraculously appeared in the crotch of the tree where the bait was tied. This was a mystical moment which the clients never forgot. That and the leopard's baleful eyes and the fact that he was a spotted animal supplied the mystique. The white hunter did everything but pull the trigger and the leopard toppled dead or else was wounded and went into the bush and was eaten by hyenas....

I thought of all the leopards I had come on by accident since I had first gone to Africa and how I had never killed one on a bait in my life nor watched one appear noiselessly and quicker than the eye could follow in the fatal crotch of the tree that was the soul-trying mystic moment for the client. It was good to remember the first leopard I had ever seen in Tanganyika while walking along the bank of a stream that could have been a trout stream cutting through a meadow at home. The leopard had killed a small buck and was feeding on it crouched like a cat. I did not see him until he had heard or seen me and for a hundredth part of a second I had seen the two forms, the spotted one and the tawny one meld-

Imperiled Flanks

ed together and the head and the eyes of the leopard looking at me from twenty feet. I did not have time to see that his eyes were baleful nor for any literary thoughts because the leopard, who had been foreshortened and concentrated into himself as he lay on the buck, gave a spring that carried him far clear of the buck and into the grass and then moved out in great bounds over the short grass, moving so fast with his tail out, not straight but curved and his head up as he bounded that I could not swing the rifle ahead of him. I shot three times behind him as he bounded toward and into the bush, the rifle bullet throwing an eruption of moist red dirt behind him each time I shot. It was impossible for me then to swing the rifle fast enough to get ahead on the crossing shot and I thought the leopard was the fastest animal I had ever seen and his breaking into that first long bound and his top speed one of the most moving things I had ever seen. He was a very big leopard too and I was lucky to see my first leopard that way.

At that time I had never seen a cheetah and did not know how much faster a cheetah can run in the open than a leopard. In those days, being new to the country, we still shot cheetah. Now, having gotten to know them, I would never kill one, but then we were if not stupider at least more ignorant. But that is no excuse for having shot cheetah. I had taken to shooting cheetah to get hides for a coat for my wife that turned out beautifully....

I decided I would forget about the leopard and not worry about him but would maneuver Mary into leopard country all the time and Ngui and I and Muthoka would be watching all the time and we would run into a leopard as we had always run into them with none of the leopard assassination setups that were provided for the clients. There were five leopards in this piece of country that I knew of and we would find one casually as we always had....

Mary was sleeping and there was no particular reason for waking her so I went over to the mess tent and took a cold bottle of beer out of the canvas bucket and sat down to read....I read until Miss Mary came into the tent. She was very beautiful and she greeted me cheerfully and asked why I had not waked her earlier. She had been awake quite a long time after her tea and then had gone back to sleep again. Her insides felt better but she was not well yet and we agreed that it was a good plan for the Cessna to come out and for her to go into Nairobi. She was happy and excited about the trip but it made her miss the camp and our country and our strange life and she said that she was homesick for it before she had left it.

* * *

Ngui and I hunted leopard across and through the park country and along the river moving softly

and watching all the possible leopard branches in the likely trees. We hunted with the light against our backs. There was no wind at all yet and when the sun was over the lowest slope of the mountain it was on our backs....

We hunted very soft and easy and I was trying to think like a big leopard who had plenty of game to kill, four *shamba* in his hunting area with goats, dogs and chickens, a camp with hung meat to steal from, six or eight troops of baboons and no one, as far as he knew, except for one experience a month before, hunting him. I decided that if I were a leopard I would not be too careful. I had seen this leopard, the very big one, at a distance of about thirty feet. He was flattened on the limb of a tree at the edge of the swamp during a driving rainstorm. The rain was in my face, I was wearing glasses, and I was just going to wipe the glasses when looking through them as through a rain-pelted windshield I looked into his eyes as he lay crouched facing me with his back against the bole of the tree and the wind and rain. His head looked almost as broad as that of a lioness and we looked directly into each other's eyes and made our moves at the same time. I raised the rifle to shoot him, cocking by pulling back on the gnarled bolt as I raised, and I raised it as fast as in taking a towering bird and in this time he had pivoted so fast that he blurred and was going down the far side of the tree like a snake with never more than a patch of spotted belly showing on either side of the tree. I ran to the right of the tree as he went into the tall papyrus of the swamp in a single bound. Without the rain I would have had a snap shot. Without glasses I would have had a shot in the rain. As it was, there was no shot and the biggest leopard I had ever seen had moved the fastest and the most intelligently that I had ever seen a cat move....

On our way out in the early morning we had seen a cheetah on a patch of plain and he was still lying in the grass when we came back. I looked at his handsome cat-dog face as he looked out across the plain with its new grass watching the small, grazing, tail-flicking antelope he owned, and I was glad that I did not shoot cheetah anymore. I remembered the coat that had been made from my cheetah hides by Valentina and how the ruff over the shoulders had been combined in the various hides to make a ruff along the line of the shoulders of the woman who wore it and how beautiful it had been one fall in New York and unlike any other coat. Then I remembered how any coat of that sort was regarded by nearly all women as an evasion of responsibility in that it was neither mink nor sable and was not an investment and without resale value. It was as bad as giving some substitute for jewels. After the good dark wild mink coat of proper length had been given, a man might be permitted

some fantasies but not before and I looked at the cheetah and the small buck that were his property and I hoped I might see him kill with his two brothers some evening.

Now that I began to think about that fall in New York and how the cheetah coat ended I did not wish to disturb this cheetah nor the herd of game he and his two brothers lived on. It was a great pleasure to see them hunt and watch that unbelievable closing rush and their skins belonged on their own backs and not across any woman's shoulders.

After Miss Mary and Roy² left in the plane I was very lonesome. I had not wanted to go into the town and I knew how happy I would be alone with the people and the problems and with the country that I loved but I was lonely for Mary and I missed Roy and I missed the aircraft.



It was always lonely after rain but I was lucky to have the letters, which had meant nothing when Roy had arrived with them. I arranged them in an orderly manner and put all the papers in order too. There were the *East African Standards*, the airmail editions of *The Times* and the *Telegraph* on their paper that was like thin onion-skin, a *Times Literary Supplement* and an air edition of *Time*. The letters made me glad I was in Africa....

Berenson was well, which made me happy, and was in Sicily which worried me unnecessarily since he knew much more about what he was doing than I did. Marlene had problems but had been triumphant in Las Vegas and enclosed the clippings.... A girl I had known for eighteen years, knowing her first when she was eighteen, and loving her and being friends with her and loving her while she had married two husbands and made four fortunes from her own intelligence and kept them, I hoped, and gained all the tangible and countable and wearable and storable and pawnable things in life and lost all the others, wrote a letter full of news, gossip and heartbreak. It had genuine news and the heartbreak was not feigned and it had the complaints that all women are entitled to. It made me the sad-

dest of all the letters because she could not come out to Africa now where she would have had a good life even if it were only for two weeks. I knew now since she was not coming that I would never see her anymore ever unless her husband sent her on a business mission to me. She would go to all the places that I had always promised to take her but I would not go. She could go with the husband and they could be nervous together. He would always have the long distance telephone which was as necessary to him as seeing the sun rise was to me or seeing the stars at night was to Mary. She would be able to spend money and buy things and accumulate possessions and eat in very expensive restaurants and Conrad Hilton was opening or finishing or planning hotels for her and her husband in all the cities we had once planned to see together. She had no problem now. She could with the aid of Conrad Hilton take her lost looks to be comfortably bedded never an arm's reach away from the long distance telephone and when she woke in the night she could truly know what nothing was and what it is worth tonight and practice counting her money to put herself to sleep so she would wake late and not meet another day too soon. Maybe Conrad Hilton would open a hotel in Loitokitok, I thought. Then she would be able to come out here and see the mountain and there would be guides from the hotel to take her to meet Mr. Singh and they could buy souvenir spears from the Anglo-Masai Stores Ltd. There would be hot and cold running white hunters with every room all wearing leopardskin bands around their hats and instead of Gideon Bibles by every bedside beside the long distance telephone there would be copies of *White Hunter*, *Black Heart* and *Something of Value* autographed by their authors and printed on a special all-purpose paper.

* * *

The beer had its proper tribal custom name; I think it was, among the many ritual beers, known as The Beer for Sleeping in the Bed of the Mother-in-Law and it was equivalent to the possession of a Cadillac in the John O'Hara circles if there be any such circles left. I hoped piously that there were such circles left and I thought of O'Hara, fat as a boa constrictor that has swallowed an entire shipment of a magazine called *Collier's* and surly as a mule that has been bitten by a tsetse fly plodding along dead without recognizing it and I wished him luck and all happiness remembering fairly joyously the white-edged evening tie he had worn at his coming-out party in New York and his hostess' nervousness at presenting him and her gallant hope that he would not disintegrate. No matter how bad things go any human being can be cheered remembering O'Hara at his most brilliant epoch.

²Roy Marsh, the Cessna pilot and a good friend of the Hemingways.

Imperiled Flanks



We would soon be celebrating the birthday of the Baby Jesus which had since our various miracles and feats of magic attained an importance that far passed, tribally, any simple religious significance. I thought about our plans for Christmas which I always loved and could remember in so many countries.³ I knew this Christmas was going to be either wonderful or truly awful since we had decided to invite all of the Masai and all of the Wakamba and this was the sort of *ngoma* which could end *ngomas* if it were not carried out properly. There would be the magic tree of Miss Mary which the Masai would recognize for what it truly was if Miss Mary did not. I did not know whether we should tell Miss Mary that her tree was really an extra-potent type of marijuana-effect tree because there were so many angles to the problem. First Miss Mary was absolutely determined to have this particular type of tree and it had been accepted by the Wakamba as a part of her unknown or Thief River Falls tribal customs along with her necessity to have killed the lion. Arap Maina had confided to me that he and I could be drunk on this tree for months and that if an elephant ate this tree that Miss Mary had selected he, the elephant, would be drunk for a matter of days. He had asked me if I had ever seen a drunken elephant and I had said, never having heard of it before, "But naturally." Arap Maina had then confided to me that these were practically the only type of elephants that the Bwanas were ever able to shoot. He had also told me that he had never known a Bwana who knew the difference between a drunken and a sober elephant and that nearly all Bwanas were so excited when they saw an elephant that they could not see whether the elephant had two tusks or not. He told me, confidentially, that all Bwanas smelled so horribly that no game would ever let them approach and that any hunter having anything to do with any Bwana could always locate him by simply getting the wind and working upwind

³E.H. manuscript note: "For later. All of us are killers who have killed so many times and with pleasure and denied it thrice."

until the odor of the Bwana became intolerable.

"This is true, Bwana," he told me and when I looked at him he said, "My brother, I used the word unthinkingly and without offense. You and I smell the same, as you know."

* * *

It always seemed stupid to be white in Africa and I remembered how twenty years before I had been taken to hear the Moslem missionary who had explained to us, his audience, the advantages of a dark skin and the disadvantages of the white man's pigmentation.⁴ I was burned dark enough to pass as a half-caste.

"Observe the white man," the missionary had said. "He walks in the sun and the sun kills him. If he exposes his body to the sun it is burned until it blisters and rots. The poor fellow must stay in the shade and destroy himself with alcohol and stingers and *chota pegs*⁵ because he cannot face the horror of the sun rising on the next day. Observe the white man and his *mwanamke*; his Memsahib. The woman is covered with brown spots if she goes into the sun; brown spots like the forerunners of leprosy. If she continues, the sun strips the skin as from a person who has passed through fire. The white man places his faith in Pan Yan pickles instead of in Allah and the pickles kill him. He runs from the bowels like an aborted cow. The poor white man worships the horse. If he moves the horse into fly country it dies as does his dog.

"The poor white man," the missionary had said, "he has no true skin on the soles of his feet, and if he loses his shoes he is dead, for he cannot walk barefooted. He is ruled by women. Even the chiefs of the tribes have been women. See the face of the *mwanamke* on the Maria Theresa thaler. By such *mwanamke* is the white man ruled. For the space of a man's life the British were ruled by the old woman you can still see on some shilingi. Yet the white man has no shame to be ruled by a woman. Only the Germans were ruled by men and you know what sort of men the Germani are. They are to the English as the *morani* is to the *mtoto*. But the German for all his good qualities cannot stand the sun because of his white skin that turns as red or redder than the British.

⁴Four sections of this installment are not in the order in which they appear in the original manuscript. This is one. The next concerns Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound and liars. The other two conclude the installment.

⁵The *chota peg* is a whisky and soda taken at sundown. The phrase comes from India, and is associated with the British Raj on his verandah in the heyday of colonialism there. It was brought to Kenya by the British from India, and was used there well into the Fifties.

"The white man is red when he lives among us if he goes out into the sun, but in his home countries his face is the color of a salt lick. If he is kept from beer and from whisky pegs he cannot control his nerves and cries out against his God the Baby Jesus. Let me tell you of the Baby Jesus," the missionary went on. "In this baby worship do we see the childishness of the white man. This is a sickness that gnaws like a worm in his brain and he can only kill it with beer and with whisky pegs and stingers until he curses the child that he worships. This Baby Jesus, brothers, had a mother but no father. This the white men themselves admit and I have heard it explained at a so-called mission school I attended to study this childish belief that I might better confront it. This baby was born to a carpenter; an honorable man but who had only been able to acquire one Masai donkey and this one wife who made the Baby Jesus without sleeping with her husband. This the white men really believe and I swear it to you. The announcement of the coming birth was made to this virgin wife by a man wearing the wings of a *ndege*. An actual *ndege*, not an airplane. The wings of a bird with feathers. This the white man believes while he calls the true religion superstition and error."

On this lovely morning I did not try to remember further about the sermon against the white man. It had been long ago and I had forgotten many of the more lively parts, but one thing I had not forgotten was the white man's heaven and how this had been shown to be another of his horrifying beliefs which caused him to hit small white balls with sticks along the ground or other larger balls back and forth across nets such as are used on the big lakes for catching fish until the sun overcame him and he retired into the club to destroy himself with alcohol and curse the Baby Jesus unless his *wanawake* were present. Since the *wanawake* believed in the Baby Jesus and were the propagators of the faith, except for the missionaries, and since the white man feared them, he never cursed the Baby Jesus in their presence, and if he did he asked their pardon. A white man who habitually cursed the Baby Jesus in the presence of the *wanawake* could be forbidden the club, which was comparable to being expelled from the tribe. Such white men, I remembered, who were sent out from the club did become rather like the Wandorobo who had been expelled from their tribes. Some of them even became good hunters by African standards and the missionary told of pitiful cases that I knew personally of white men who had become bearded and ceased washing altogether and drank gin in their squalid huts in a life that was so degrading that they ceased to speak their own tongue except aloud to themselves and sometimes they became so depressed that they did not even curse the Baby Jesus, though this was rare. I myself recalled

cases where such men had fallen so low that in their blasphemies they even coupled the name of Our Lord with that of the Honorable Secretary of the Club, speaking highly of neither. And I recalled another thing that these men who were cast out from the club were nearly always the type of white man which does not turn red in the sun but rather becomes a badly tanned leather color or the color of uncured hides with a not dissimilar smell and usually dirt in the wrinkles of the neck.

* * *

When Mwendi brought the tea in the morning I was up and dressed, sitting by the ashes of the fire with two sweaters and a wool jacket on. It had turned very cold in the night and I wondered what that meant about the weather for today.

"Want fire?" Mwendi asked.

"Small fire for one man."

"You better eat," Mwendi said. "Memsahib go and you forget to eat."

"I don't want to eat before I hunt."

"Maybe hunt be very long. You eat now."

"Mbebia isn't awake."

"All old men awake. Only young men asleep. Keiti says for you to eat."

"O.K. I'll eat."

"What you want to eat?"

"Codfish balls and hash-browned potatoes."

"You eat Tommy liver and bacon. Keiti says Memsahib says to tell you to take fever pills."

"Where are the fever pills?"

"Here." He brought the bottle out. "Keiti says I watch you eat them."

"Good," I said. I ate them. . . .

"What you wear?" Mwendi asked.

"Short boots and warm jacket to start and the skin shirt for when it gets hot."

"I get the other people ready. Today very good day."

"Yeah?"

"Everybody thinks so."

"Good. I feel it is a good day too."

"You don't have any dream?"

"No," I said. "Truly no."

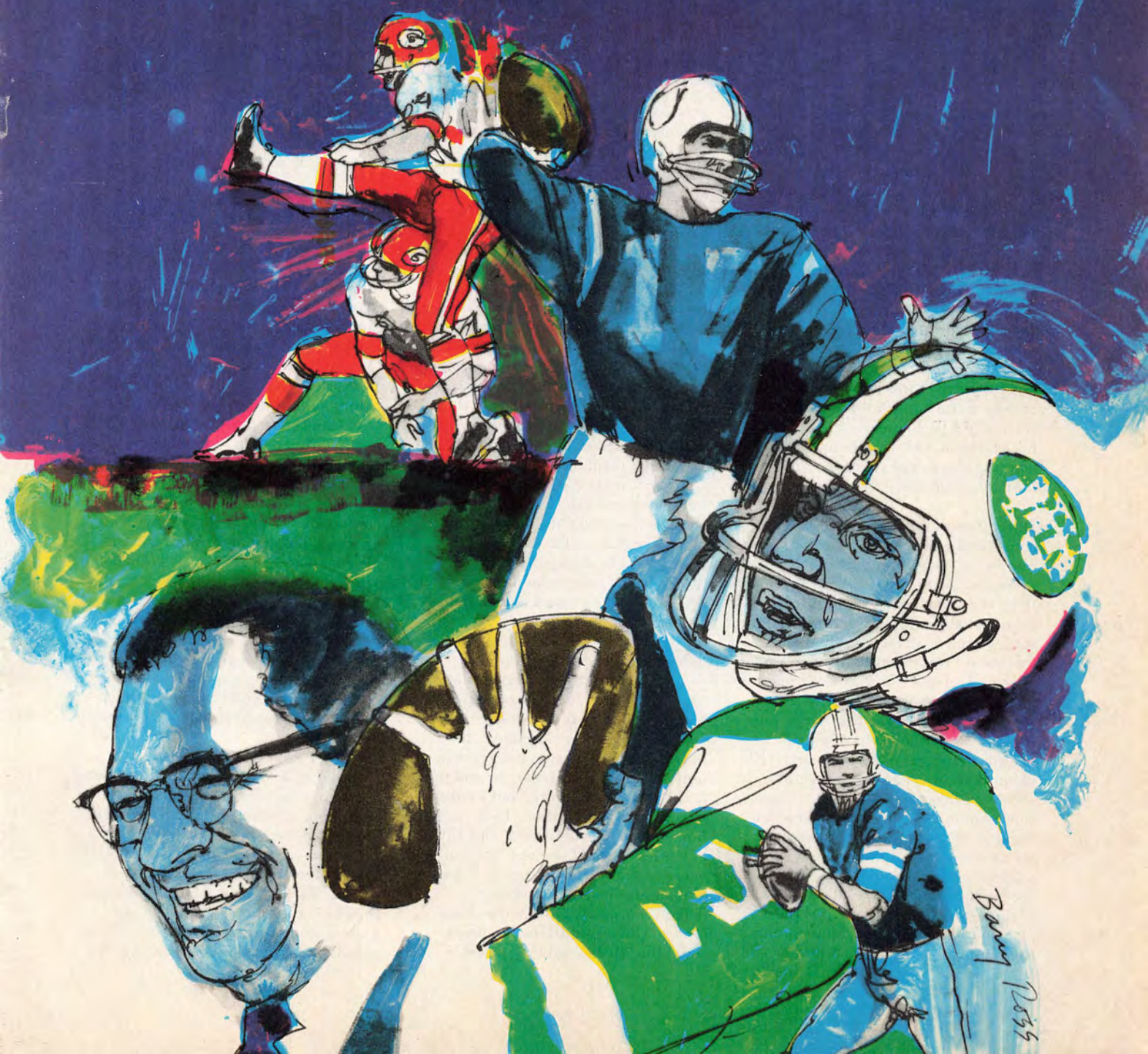
"Mzuri," Mwendi said. "I tell Keiti."

* * *

It was almost noon and very hot and we did not know it but all our luck lay ahead of us. We rode along through the park country and all of us watched every likely tree. The leopard we were hunting was a trouble leopard that I had been asked to kill by the people of the *shamba* where he had killed seventeen goats and I was hunting him for the Game Department so it was permissible to use the car in his pursuit. The leopard, once officially vermin and now Royal Game, had never heard of his promotion and reclassification or he would never have killed the seventeen goats that made him a criminal and put him

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with information and anecdotes
about the Super Bowl 1967-72

the arm chair quarterback





FROM SUPER TO BLOOPER Title Game Has Had Its Ups and Downs

Among sports championship spectacles, pro football's Super Bowl ranks as a baby in pigskin diapers. Grand daddies like the World Series date back to 1903 when the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Boston Red Sox met in baseball's first classic championship. Other events, like the Indianapolis 500 race and the Kentucky Derby, draw more fans. And the 33 drivers at Indy receive more money per person in prize money than the Super Bowl performers. (In 1970 one Indy driver was knocked out of the race by a crackup before the race even started, yet he got nearly \$14,000 for his efforts—a little less than the \$15,000 winning player's share in the pro football championship.)

But although it may rank as a Johnny-come-lately in terms of tradition, number of "live" spectators and revenues, the Super Bowl has developed in its short five-year history into an event of astounding magnitude and magnetism. It attracts the biggest TV audience (over 60 million) of any single sports offering in the U.S. and generates considerable controversy as well as interest. However, the first game, long awaited by football fans as a final showdown between the NFL and AFL champions, was hardly an instant success. Played in Los Angeles' huge Coliseum in 1967, the game attracted some 62,000 spectators, representing about two-thirds of the stadium's seating capacity. Some observers felt the mediocre turnout resulted as a form of protest by local fans against the TV blackout in the Los Angeles area. Since then the title games have been played

before overflow crowds of between 75,000 and 80,000 in Miami's Orange Bowl and Tulane Stadium in New Orleans.

In five previous Super Bowls, only seven of the 26 teams that make up the National and American Conferences of the NFL have appeared in the game. Three teams have made it twice, including Green Bay, with a spotless record of two wins and no losses, Kansas City (one win, one defeat) and Baltimore (also one victory and one loss). Currently the AFL, now the American Conference, leads in the series three games to two. Some unreconstructed NFL fans protest the standings, claiming that the Baltimore Colts' victory last year really should have been credited to the good old NFL because the good old Colts, previously members of the NFL, had been transferred to the younger, upstart league in the complicated merger that established the present pro football lineup of conferences.

The claim is, however, academic. The telling point was that after years of rivalry and costly bargaining for top collegiate players the two leagues did agree to unify under the NFL banner and thus launch an era of familial but hardly affectionate competition. To the casual fan who had been inured to the caliber of the NFL establishment, the matchup between the two leagues in post-season playoffs seemed to be a wickedly delicious overlay. How in the name of George Halas and Vince Lombardi could the "little leaguers" possibly

contain the undeniable power of the disdainful NFL paladins?

NAMATH TURNS THE TIDE

The first game, for example, showed how a well-drilled and disciplined NFL team could completely dominate its opponent and produce a brand of football that could become almost boring. Coached by the late, indomitable Vince Lombardi, the Green Bay Packers simply took charge over the Kansas City Chiefs. Despite the fact that they led by only 14-10 at half-time, the Packers left little doubt about the outcome. Quarterback Bart Starr, voted the most valuable player of the game, confounded the K.C. defense with a balanced passing and running attack. He completed 16 of 23 passes for 250 yards and two touchdowns. Oddly, the two TD passes were caught by a 34-year-old substitute wide receiver, Max McGee, who during the regular season had pulled down a grand total of three passes. The Packer running attack complemented Starr's passing game with 130 yards and three touchdowns.

In 1968, Green Bay continued its dominance. It was almost as if Lombardi was using the same cookie-cutter mold to fashion another victory. Starr again led the Packer offense, passing for 202 yards and one touchdown. However, the Green Bay scoring efforts were more varied. Balding Don Chandler kicked four field goals to set a Super Bowl kicking and scoring record that still stands and defensive cornerback Herb

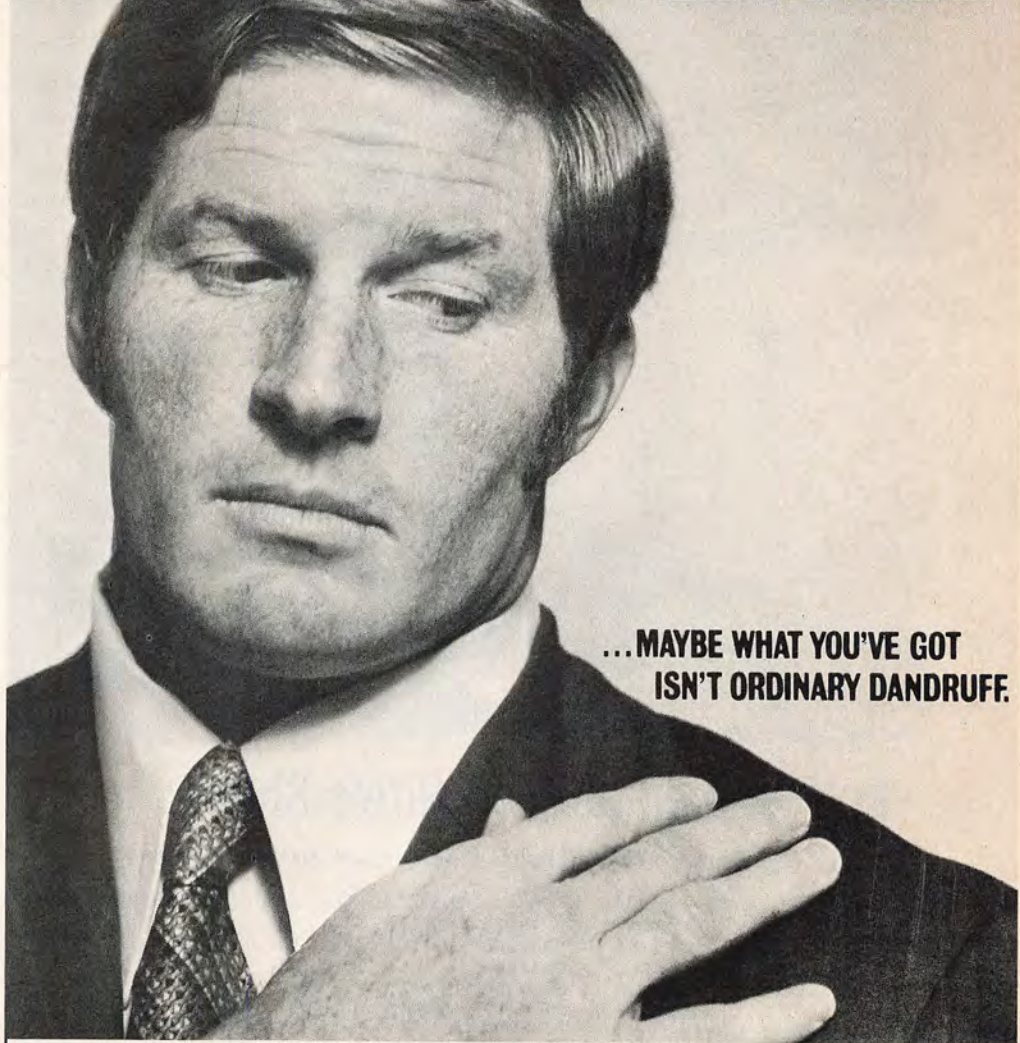
Adderley added another touchdown on a 60-yard pass-interception return into the end zone. The final score was 33-14.

How the swing in the balance of power was achieved in 1969 is savored by AFL supporters and is well worth recounting in some detail. The N.Y. Jets, champions of the AFL, appeared to be hopelessly outclassed by the rival Baltimore Colts—at least on paper. The Colts had won 15 out of 16 regular-season and playoff games and had fielded the sturdiest defense in either league. Anchored in the front four by the Smith “brothers,” veteran Billy Ray and bruising Bubba, and stoutly backed up by a seasoned secondary, including Lenny Lyles, Rich Volk and Dennis Gaubatz, Baltimore had given up an average of less than ten points per game.

Their counterparts, the AFL Jets, had players that were respected but hardly of statistical stature to measure up to the awesome Colt personnel. But most of all, they had Joe Namath, a self-appointed messiah and prophet who had a flair for making headlines in addition to his ability to throw a football with aplomb and accuracy.



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Broadway Joe, out of Beaver Falls, Pa., had come to the New York Jets from Bear Bryant's Alabama football factory in 1965. Sonny Werblin, then owner of the New York team, had stunned the sports world by signing the quarterback to an unprecedented contract for a reported \$400,000

plus a Lincoln convertible. Though Joe's off-the-field antics and escapades frequently made more news than his football—playing achievements, Werblin kept his faith in the flamboyant star. It took Joe just four years to lead the Jets to an AFL championship and an underdog chance to take a swipe at the mighty Colts in the Super Bowl.



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During the week before the game he issued several statements about the contest and the Baltimore team to anybody who would listen—and there were scores of reporters who were not only willing to listen but eager to print his brash pronouncements in bold-faced type. He claimed, to the disbelief of most observers, that the Jets were a

better team than Baltimore and would, accordingly whip the Colts. Listeners were not quite sure whether Joe's opinions were the result of unvarnished arrogance or honest self-assurance. One thing was certain, however; his assessments were not backed up by the facts and figures. For example, Joe's pass-completion record of less than 50% was

topped by better than seven percentage points when compared with the record of the Colts' quarterback, Earl Morrall. And in terms of touchdown passes, Broadway Joe's record of 15 was far below Morrall's 26.

By game time the Colts were seething over Joe's public taunts and were eager to cram footballs down Joe's big mouth. In fact, when Baltimore obtained the ball for its first series of offensive plays early in the game, it appeared that the Colts were ready and able to tear the Jets apart and vindicate the opinions of the sportswriters and bookmakers. Starting on Baltimore's 27-yard line after receiving a Jet punt, Morrall directed his team in a sustained drive that reached the New York 19-yard line, first down and ten. But the Jets stiffened. Morrall threw two incomplete passes and on third down could not find an open target and was forced to run for no gain. Out came dependable place kicker Lou Michaels to try a field goal from the 27. He missed, but NFL rooters were not dismayed. Just a matter of time, they ho-hummed.

Sometime later, after an interception in their end zone by Randy Beverly, the ball was brought out to the Jets' 20-yd. line and Namath set his skills to work—with considerable help from a gimpy but now well-honed executioner, Matt Snell. He handed off to Snell four straight times to pick up 26 yards and two first downs. Switching to the passing attack at this point, Namath hit on three of four consecutive passes, bringing the ball down to the Colts' 23-yard line. From there it was like slicing a piece of cake. Boozer ran for two, and with the Colt defense bunched against further ground thrusts, Joe sent Snell out of the backfield and popped him with a short toss down to the Baltimore nine. Now it was back to the running game. Snell cracked the right side for five yards and on the next play busted through the Baltimore defense to score the Jets' only touchdown of the day. Jim Turner's extra point try was good and the lowly Jets were ahead 7-0.

Well, most of the 75,000 fans in Miami's Orange Bowl thought: it could be a ball game after all. They were impressed by Namath's poise and variety in engineering the 80-yard touchdown drive. It could happen, but the spectators sat back and waited—again. Sure enough, Baltimore came back with three more

opportunities to score before the half ended. On the first series, after the Jet touchdown, the Colts stormed back into New York territory for a field goal attempt by Lou Michaels, this time from the 46-yard line. Again, he missed. But plenty of time remained. After an unsuccessful field goal try by the Jets, the Colts launched opportunity number two, and almost capitalized. From its 20, Baltimore cracked down to the New York 15, principally on a fine sweep by Tom Matte that carried for 58 yards. On second down, Morrall tried to hit flanker Willie Richardson at the goal line but his toss wound up in the arms of his former teammate, Johnny Sample, on the New York two-yard line for the Jets' second interception of the afternoon. But the Jets promptly gave Baltimore its third opportunity when they had to give up the ball on a punt to the New York 46-yard line with only 43 seconds left in the half. After completing one pass for a short gain, quarterback Morrall tried a tricky shenanigan that almost pulled the dumpling out of the soup. He handed



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the ball off to Matte on a sweep run to the right, remaining in position while the defense flowed right to contain the runner. Matte suddenly stopped and threw a long lateral back to Morrall. The defense, momentarily confused, had allowed Jimmy Orr to slip by to the goal line corner, completely overlooked by the Jet secondary. However, for the

third time in a row, the football gods were not smiling on the Colts. Somehow, Morrall never saw the frantically waving wide receiver, and threw instead over the middle to running back Jerry Hill. The result: guess what? Another interception, this time by the Jets' free safety, Jim Hudson, and the half was over seconds later. Score: Jets 7, Colts 0.

Able to withstand the Colt thrusts by the breaks of the game and exceptional defensive play, the Jets continued to take over in the second half. On the first play after the kickoff to Baltimore, Tom Matte fumbled and the Jets recovered (Ralph Baker) on the Colts' 33. This time the Jets mounted a steady attack with Snell and Boozer producing short rushing gains and Namath contributing a pass to Snell. But with 1st down at the 11, Boozer and Namath were dropped for losses back to the 25. Then after an incomplete pass, Jim Turner kicked a field goal from the 32-yd. line to make it 10-0.

After the ensuing kickoff, the Colts were stymied for the eighth time in the game from getting on the score board and had to punt. From the NY 32, Namath hit on four of six passes to bring the Jets down to the Colt 24. On fourth and nine, Turner's unerring toe picked up another three points and upped the Jets' margin to 13-0. By this time the spectators realized that the Jets were for real. The desperate Colts must have thought so, too. With a little less than four minutes left in the third quarter, Coach Don Shula replaced the frustrated Earl Morrall with Johnny Unitas, the unflappable quarterback who had been nursing a sore elbow all season. But the masterful Unitas was unable to move the Baltimore team in the first offensive series and was forced to punt. Unbelievably, Broadway Joe's pin-point passes led the Jets down to the Baltimore 2 and Turner booted his third consecutive field goal.

Now, with the game in the fourth quarter and the Jets leading 16-0, Baltimore's chances of a comeback appeared well-nigh hopeless. Johnny U.'s old black magic wasn't being woven very well and the inexorable time factor was looming larger than taxes and mortgage payments. However, Unitas did rekindle flickering hopes about midway in the last period when he engineered an 80-yard drive to a Colt touchdown, Jerry Hill scoring on a plunge from the one. But with a little over three minutes left, the Jets were able to contain Unitas and win by a score of 16-7.

The victory was a sweet one for the AFL and the Jets. It made believers out of NFL supporters and firmly established

the Super Bowl as a super spectacle. But it was sweetest for Joe Willie Namath who predicted the outcome. It is a fact that he put his actions where his mouth was with a superb performance that paced the Jets to the championship and earned him the Most Valuable Player award. Namath completed better than 60% of his passes

(17 out of 28) for 206 yards, but he didn't hit for one TD passing strike. No matter. His throwing threat was smoothly blended with the Jets' running game, spearheaded by the consistent Matt Snell. Snell pounded and rambled for 121 yards (a Super Bowl record) in 30 attempts and scored the Jets' only touchdown. The passing of

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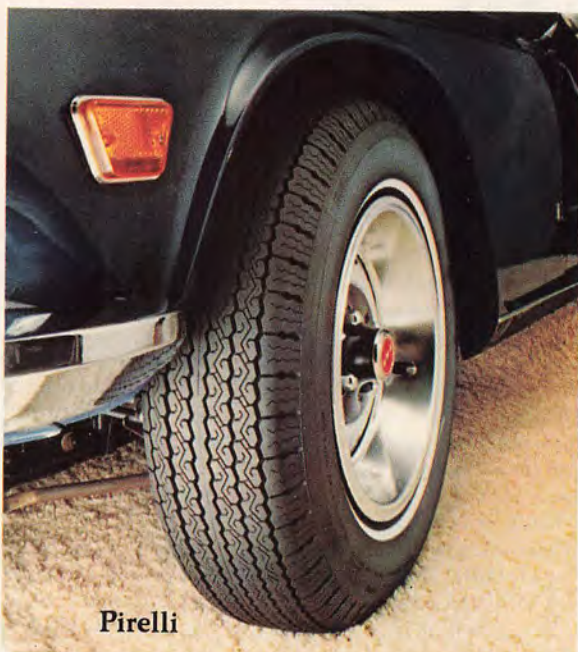
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Namath and the running by Snell set the pattern for the margin of victory provided by Jim Turner's three field goals.

The Jets' stunning upset did not quite convince NFL diehards that the AFL had achieved parity. The Super Bowl of 1970 pitted the

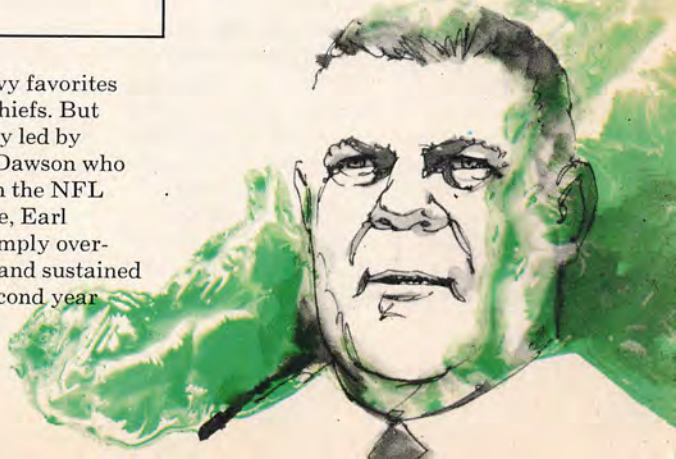
Minnesota Vikings as heavy favorites against the Kansas City Chiefs. But it was no contest. K.C., icily led by veteran Quarterback Len Dawson who had played second fiddle in the NFL to the likes of Bobby Layne, Earl Morrall and Milt Plum, simply overpowered Minnesota, 23-7, and sustained AFL supremacy for the second year

in a row. The rivalry was now locked at two championships apiece, but the following year saw the restructuring of the rival leagues into conferences—National and American—but both consolidated under one authority, the NFL. What next?

The 1971 Super Bowl game, for the third straight year, came up with the National entry, the Dallas Cowboys, favored over the American champions, the Baltimore Colts—but this time by only a point. But before the issue was resolved, 80,000 fans in the Orange Bowl and over 60 million tube viewers were treated—if that's the right word—to a startling brand of football. It was a far cry from the relentless precision of the first two Packers victories in Super Bowls I and II. It was more like a ludicrous Mad Hatter's tea party, but many viewers thought it was one of the most exciting football games ever played.

The excitement stemmed from the manner in which each team see-sawed back and forth in a series of errors and missed scoring opportunities. Overall, the game produced eleven big mistakes or turnovers, including six pass interceptions and five lost fumbles. Baltimore had the edge in giving the ball away—seven times to four. The Colts had five fumbles, four of which were recovered by Dallas, and suffered three interceptions. But the Cowboys seemed determined not to accept these gifts without looking into the horse's mouth. They also had their lapses, throwing three interceptions and losing a fumble on the Colt one-yard line.

Midway in the first quarter, the Colts' Johnny Unitas set the style of the game when one of his tosses was picked off by Dallas Linebacker Chuck Howley on the Baltimore 46. A few





plays later, adhering to the blooper style of play, the Cowboys found themselves back on their own 31 and had to punt. Now it was Baltimore's turn to go into the juggling act. Colt safetyman Ron Gardin circled under the kick and veered sharply to his left on the attempted runback. The only problem was that he forgot to take the ball with him. It popped off his hands and was recovered by the Cowboys on the Baltimore nine. First and goal to go. Of course, Dallas failed to score a touchdown, but they did kick a field goal from the 14 to lead 3-0.

Later in the first half, Dallas was presented with another chance with a long pass-gainer from Quarterback Craig Morton to the speedy Bob Hayes down to the Colt 12. The Colts were caught for roughing the passer and the penalty moved the Cowboys inside the 10. But the Cowboys moved rapidly backward when Morton was thrown for a loss by Billy Ray Smith and a 15-yard penalty for intentionally grounding the ball was assessed. So Dallas had to settle for another field goal by Mike Clark, this time from the 30-yd. line. Down 6-0, Baltimore came back with a spectacular and controversial pass play that put them on the scoreboard. After the Cowboy kickoff, Unitas was faced with a third and ten situation from his own 25. He lofted a long pass for Eddie Hinton, a wide receiver, but the pass sailed high over his head. However, Hinton leaped high and managed to tick the ball with his fingertips and it wobbled in the air toward Dallas Defensive Back Mel Renfro. Renfro jumped, missed the catch when the ball grazed off his hand. Meanwhile, Baltimore's John Mackey, who was positioned in back of Renfro,

suddenly found himself with the football and nothing but yard markers between himself and the goal line. He rambled into the end zone to complete a 75-yard touchdown play to tie the score. After the touchdown, the Colts continued their string of errors by succeeding in having the try for extra point blocked; so the score remained 6-6. But it didn't stay that way long. Unitas, forced to run when his receivers were blanketed, fumbled as he was tackled and Dallas grabbed the ball on the Colt 28. Morton hit Reeves for a 17-yd. gain and then tossed a short pass to Duane Thomas, coming out of the backfield, who ran it in for a touchdown. The Cowboys converted and led 13-6.

At this point the consensus was that Dallas had it made if Baltimore continued to bungle along with beanbag tactics. Sure enough, on the next Colt offensive series, Unitas, attempting a pass under heavy pressure, was racked up by George Andrie. The ball wobbled aimlessly from John's aborted toss into the paws of the Cowboys' Mel Renfro for another interception. On the play Unitas suffered a bruised rib cage and was through for the afternoon. This brought in Earl Morrall, the frustrated goat of the Jets' upset triumph in the 1969 Super Bowl. On his initial offensive series, late in the first half, Morrall performed like a redemptive archangel, directing the Colts on two fine pass plays to Hinton and Roy Jefferson down to the Dallas two. Looked like a sure Baltimore score; at least a field goal. Morrall handed off three times in a row to running back Norm Bulaich and the ball's forward progress was exactly zero inches—still nestled on the two-yard line, fourth and goal, 21 seconds remaining. After a timeout sideline consultation with rookie Coach

Don McCafferty, Morrall trotted back on the field. Here was another opportunity to follow the game plan of mistake and miss and McCafferty took full advantage. Disdaining the obvious field goal, he called for a quick pass to Tight End Tom Mitchell. Mitchell stumbled in the end zone, the pass was incomplete, and the half ended with the Cowboys still on top, 13-6.

When the second half began, the spectators and viewers thought—or at least hoped—that the blunders were at end and the teams would settle down to accustomed behavior.

THE BURLESQUE CONTINUES

But the gremlins and glitches continued to plague both teams. Dallas kicked off to start the second half and the ball was taken in by Jim Duncan, who had led the American Conference in kickoff returns. Closely following the script of the comedy of errors, Duncan naturally fumbled and the Cowboys promptly pounced on the ball and took over on the Colt 31. Ignoring the pass, Dallas ran five straight running plays to wind up on the Baltimore two, first and goal. Duane Thomas, who was the top rookie running back in the National Conference, cracked into the line. Touchdown? Don't be silly. Fumble? You're right. Duncan, who had given the Cowboys their opportunity minutes before with his fumble, fell on the ball near the goal line and the Colts were still alive.

From then on, it was the Cowboys who were to commit the serious errors that gave Baltimore the momentum for their successful comeback. Some time later the Colts tried a field goal but the kick was short. Defensive back Mel Renfro, a truly gifted player, had an unusual mental lapse. Instead of picking up the ball and returning it, he stood by mesmerized as the bouncing ball finally came to rest on the Dallas six-inch line. Penned in their own territory, the Cowboys had to punt and the Colts bounded back to the Dallas 15 on a drive that featured a 43-yard pass play from Morrall to Tom Nowatzke. But Baltimore was still being hounded by misfortune. Chuck Howley, for the second time, intercepted a Morrall pass in the end zone and the Cowboys had another reprieve. For Baltimore, the best of the worst was yet to come. With nine minutes left in the game, the Colts pulled a special play. It worked, but with strange results. Morrall lateraled the ball to Sam Havrilak, who was once a quarterback when he was in college (Bucknell). Havrilak was supposed to lob the ball back to Morrall who would then throw a pass, but huge Jethro Pugh, a Dallas tackle, loomed menacingly between the two Colt backs.



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Havrilak quickly decided to throw the pass himself as he saw John Mackey free downfield. He threw to Mackey, but Eddie Hinton, another Colt receiver, cut in front of him, caught the ball and had what appeared to be clear sailing to the end zone. Incredibly, the Cowboys’ Cornell Green managed to come up from behind and hook the

ball from Hinton’s grasp. The ball bobbed over the goal line with what seemed like dozens of Colts and Cowboys trying to grab it. The ball finally trickled beyond the end zone with no one in possession and the official ruled it a touchback, giving the Cowboys the ball on their 20. That was Baltimore’s seventh and last turnover.

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"Rah. Rah. Let's have the
winner in for a drink!"

a first down and the Cowboys took the ball on the Colt 48, with a little less than two minutes remaining, plenty of time to get into field goal range. However, Morton promptly got thrown for a loss trying to pass and the Cowboys were penalized 15 yards for holding. Suddenly, they were back on their own 27. Morton, in desperation, tried a pass to Dan Reeves, but the ball bounced off the fingertips of Reeves and was picked off by Mike Curtis, the Colts' hard-nosed middle linebacker, who returned it to the Dallas 28. Bulaich hit the line twice for a gain of exactly three yards. With nine seconds to go, Morrall called time-out and Coach McCafferty sent in his rookie kicking specialist, 23-year-old Jim O'Brien. If he missed, the game would surely go into sudden-death; if he connected the Colts would be World Champions and richer by \$15,000 per man. Morrall spotted the ball on the 32-yard line, O'Brien toed it squarely and the kick sailed fair across the crossbar, some six feet inside the right post. That made it 16-13 and a jubilant triumph for the Baltimore Colts.

Well, it wasn't good football, but it was the kind of game that kept the fans riveted and marble-eyed wondering what would happen next. It was, in effect, the first really exciting and suspenseful game of the Super Bowl series.

Thus the Super Bowl performances since 1967 have been the vehicle for a wide-ranging variety of football. They have produced superb football and bad football. The fans and viewers have seen dominating perfection by the Packers and Kansas City Chiefs; they have seen incredible upsets, like the Jets' stunning victory in 1969; finally, they have witnessed in last year's game a performance that amply proved that pro football players are only human and can make as many blunders as a sandlot team. What they will see in next Sunday's Super Bowl is, of course, difficult to imagine, based on past records. However, you can be sure that more than 80,000 spectators will pack New Orleans' Tulane Stadium to find out which way the football bounces and which team can control the bounces in better fashion. Multiply those 80,000 fans by 800 and you get the approximate TV audience that will be watching from living rooms, dens, motels, hotels, bars, even Sunday School basements to follow the bouncing ball.

Now it was Dallas who would make the errors leading to disaster. Morton tried a pass to Walt Garrison and after being deflected it wound up in the arms of Rich Volk, the Baltimore safety, who carried the ball down to the Cowboy three-yard line. It took two plunges by Nowatzke to score the touchdown. Jim O'Brien's

extra point try was good and the score was tied 13-13 with about seven-and-a-half minutes left. Each team played carefully, not daring to make an error that might mean the ball game. With three minutes left, the Cowboys got off a fine punt by Ron Widby to the Colt five-yard-line and the fans began thinking about a sudden-death playoff. But Baltimore punted after failing to get

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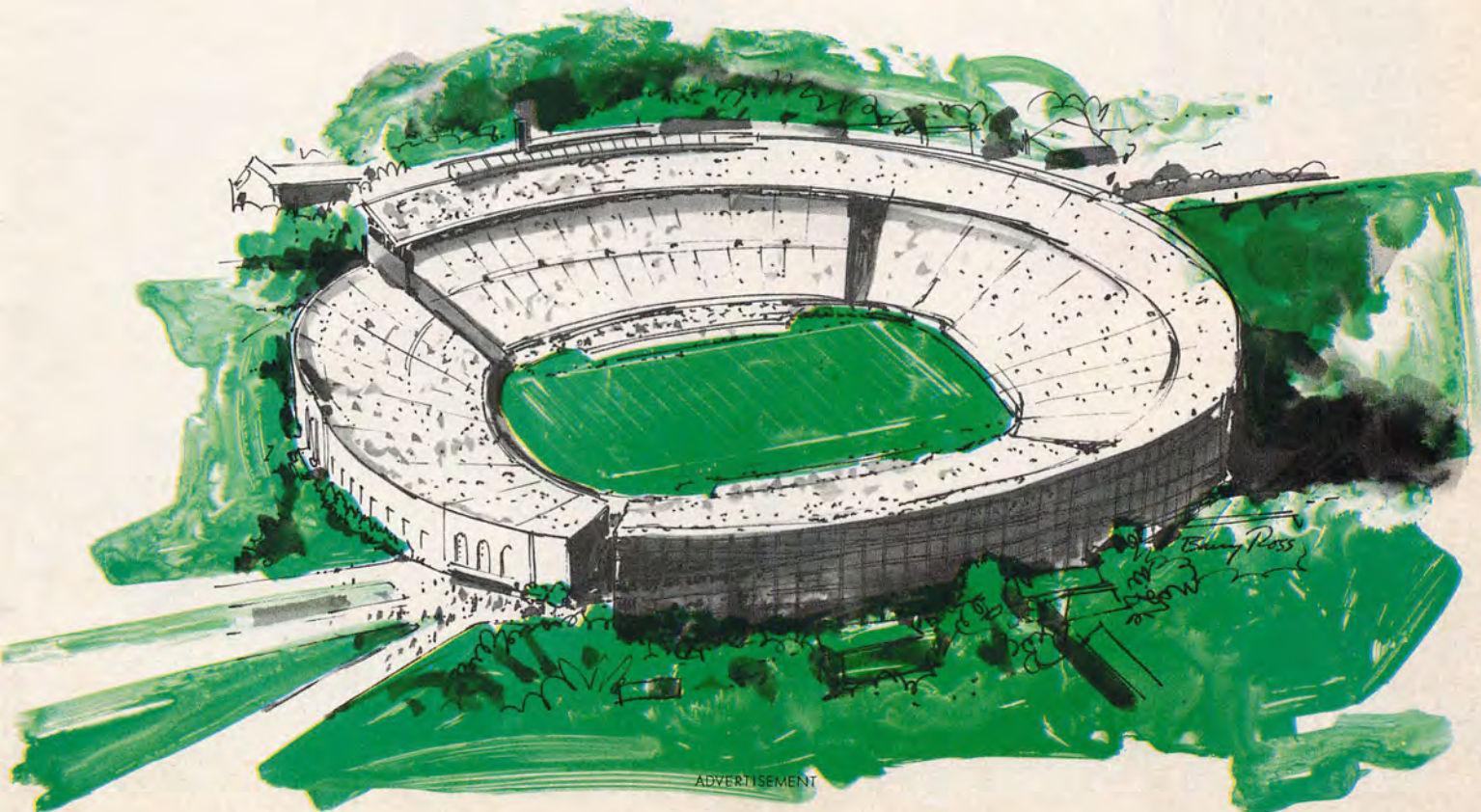
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MIAMI DOLPHINS

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE
1	YEPREMIAN	K	5-8	172	27
10	MIRA	QB	5-11	192	29
12	GRIESE	QB	6-1	190	26
13	SCOTT	S	6-0	188	26
15	LEIGH	RB	5-11	205	25
20	SEIPLE	TE-P	6-0	215	26
21	KIICK	RB	5-11	215	25
22	MORRIS	RB	5-10	190	24
25	FOLEY	CB	6-0	194	22
26	MUMPHORD	CB	5-10	180	24
32	GINN	RB	5-10	188	24
39	CSONKA	RB	6-2	237	24
40	ANDERSON	S	6-2	196	25
42	WARFIELD	WR	6-0	185	28
45	JOHNSON	CB	6-1	196	23
48	PETRELLA	S	5-11	190	26
53	MATHESON	LB	6-4	240	26
56	POWELL	LB	6-2	215	24
57	KOLEN	LB	6-2	220	23
59	SWIFT	LB	6-3	228	23
61	DE MARCO	C	6-2	250	31
62	LANGER	G	6-2	250	25
66	LITTLE	G	6-1	265	25
67	KUECHENBERG	G	6-2	247	23
70	RILEY	DE	6-4	250	26
71	CORNISH	DT	6-3	285	27
72	HEINZ	DT	6-6	270	24
73	EVANS	T	6-5	252	28
75	FERNANDEZ	DT	6-2	248	25
77	CRUSAN	T	6-4	250	25
78	MASS	T	6-4	240	25
80	FLEMING	TE	6-4	235	29
81	TWILLEY	WR	5-10	185	28
82	STOWE	WR	6-2	188	22
84	STANFILL	DE	6-5	250	24
85	BUONICONTI	LB	5-11	220	30
86	DEN HERDER	DE	6-6	250	22
87	RICHARDSON	WR	6-1	198	30

DALLAS COWBOYS

NO.	NAME	POS.	HT.	WT.	AGE
10	WIDBY	P	6-4	210	26
12	STAUBACH	QB	6-3	197	29
14	MORTON	QB	6-4	214	28
19	ALWORTH	WR	6-0	180	31
20	RENFRO	DB	6-0	190	29
22	HAYES	WR	5-11	185	28
23	ADKINS	WR	5-10	183	24
26	ADDERLEY	CB	6-1	200	32
30	REEVES	RB	6-1	200	27
31	RICHARDSON	WR	6-0	200	29
32	GARRISON	RB	6-0	205	27
33	D. THOMAS	RB	6-1	220	24
34	GREEN	DB	6-3	208	31
35	HILL	RB	6-4	227	24
37	I. THOMAS	CB	6-2	191	23
41	WATERS	CB	6-1	193	22
42	WELCH	RB	5-11	203	24
43	HARRIS	S	6-0	184	22
46	WASHINGTON	CB	5-10	188	23
50	LEWIS	LB	6-1	225	25
51	MANDERS	C	6-2	250	30
52	EDWARDS	LB	6-1	225	31
54	HOWLEY	LB	6-2	225	35
55	JORDAN	LB	6-1	221	30
56	STINCIC	LB	6-4	230	24
60	CAFFEY	LB	6-3	250	30
61	NYE	G	6-4	251	25
62	FITZGERALD	T	6-4	265	23
63	COLE	DE	6-4	250	25
64	LISCIO	T	6-5	255	26
66	ANDRIE	DE	6-6	250	31
67	TOOMAY	DE	6-5	244	23
70	WRIGHT	T	6-6	255	26
71	WALLACE	DT	6-5	260	22
73	NEELY	T	6-6	265	27
74	LILLY	DT	6-5	260	32
75	PUGH	DT	6-6	260	27
76	NILAND	G	6-3	245	27
77	GREGORY	DT	6-5	250	25
83	CLARK	K	6-1	205	30
85	SMITH	DE	6-5	250	22
87	TRUAX	TE	6-5	240	28
89	DITKA	TE	6-3	225	31



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Imperiled Flanks

back in the category where he started. Seventeen goats were too many goats to kill in one night when one goat was all he could eat....

We came into a very beautiful glade and on our left there was a tall tree with one of its high branches extending on a straight parallel line to the left and another, more shaded branch extending on a straight line to the right. It was a green tree and its top was heavily foliated.

"There's an ideal tree for leopard," I said to Ngui.

"Ndio," he said very quietly. "And there is a leopard in that tree."

Muthoka had seen us look and though he could not hear us and could not see the leopard from his side he stopped the car. I got out of the car with the old Springfield I had been carrying across my lap and when I was firmly planted on my feet I saw the leopard stretched long and heavy on the high right limb of the tree. His long spotted length was dappled by the shadows of the leaves that moved in the wind. He was sixty feet up in an ideal place to be on this lovely day and he had made a greater mistake than when he killed the sixteen unnecessary goats.

I raised the rifle breathing in once and letting it out and shot very carefully for the point where his neck bulged behind his ear. It was high and an absolute miss and he flattened long and heavy along the branch as I shucked the cartridge case out and shot for his shoulder. There was a heavy thunk and he fell in a half circle. His tail was up, his head was up, his back down. His body was curved like a new moon as he fell and he hit the ground with a heavy thump.

Ngui and Muthoka were whacking me on the back and Charo was shaking hands. Pop's gunbearer was shaking hands and crying because the fall of the leopard had been an emotional thing. He was also giving me the secret Wakamba hand grip again and again. In a moment I was reloading and Ngui in the excitement had the .577 instead of the shotgun when we advanced carefully to view the body of the seventeen-goat killing, already national magazine photographed in color with a camera larger than I had ever seen long before his demise and thus conscience-clearing leopard.⁶ The body of the leopard was not there.

There was a depression in the ground where he had hit and the blood spoor, bright and in chunks, led toward a thick island of bush to the left of the tree. It was as thick as the roots of a mangrove

swamp and no one was giving me any secret Wakamba hand grips now.

"Gentlemen," I said in Spanish. "The situation has radically changed." It had indeed. I knew the drill now having learned it from Pop but every wounded leopard in thick bush is a new wounded leopard. No two will act the same except that they will always come and they will come for keeps. That was why I had shot for the base of the head and neck first. But it was too late for postmortems on missed shots.

The first problem was Charo. He had been mauled by leopard three times and was an old man, nobody knew how old, but certainly old enough to be my father. He was as excited as a hunting dog to go in.

"You keep the -- hell out of this and get up on top of the car."

"Hapana, Bwana," he said.

"Ndio too bloody ndio," I said.

"Ndio," he said, not saying "Ndio Bwana," which with us was an insult.

Ngui had been loading the Winchester 12-gauge pump with SSG, which is buckshot in English. We had never shot anything with SSG and I did not want any jams so I tripped the ejector and filled it with No. 8 birdshot cartridges fresh out of the box and filled my pockets with the rest of the cartridges. At close range a charge of fine shot from a full-choked shotgun is as solid as a ball and I remembered seeing the effect on a human body with the small hole blue black around the edge on the back of the leather jacket and all the load inside the chest.

"Kwenda," I said to Ngui and we started off on the blood spoor, me with the shotgun covering Ngui who tracked, and Pop's gunbearer back in the car with the .577. Charo had not gotten onto the roof but sat in the rear seat of the car with the best one of the three spears. Ngui and I were on foot and following the blood spoor.

Out of a clot of blood he picked up a sharp bone fragment and passed it to me. It was a piece of shoulder blade and I put it in my mouth. There is no explanation of that. I did it without thinking. But it linked us closer to the leopard and I bit on it and tasted the new blood, which tasted about like my own, and knew that the leopard had not just lost his balance. Ngui and I followed the blood spoor until it went into the mangrove-root patch of bush. The leaves of this bush were very green and shiny and the trail of the leopard, which had been made with bounds of irregular length, went into it and there was blood low on the leaves, shoulder high where he had crouched as he went in.

Ngui shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. We were both very serious Wakamba now and there was no white man to speak softly and knowingly from his great knowledge, nor any white man to give violent orders astonished at the stupidity of

⁶E.H. had posed three months earlier for *Look* magazine with a leopard that actually had been shot by his friend, Mayito Menocal, though E.H. had assisted at the kill (Part II, Jan. 3). E.H. told *Look's* editors they could use the photograph if they insisted, but not before he killed a leopard of his own. Hence "conscience-clearing." *Look* ran the picture in question in its Jan. 26, 1954 issue.

Imperiled Flanks

his "boys" and cursing them on like reluctant hounds. There was only one wounded leopard with terrible odds against him who had been shot from the high branch of a tree, suffered a fall no human being could survive and taken his stand in a place where, if he retained his lovely and unbelievable cat vitality, he could maim or grievously injure any human being who came in after him. I wished he had never killed the goats and that I had never signed any contracts to kill and be photographed for any national circulation magazines and I bit with satisfaction on the piece of shoulder bone and waved up the car. The sharp end of the splintered bone had cut the inside of my cheek and I could taste the familiarity of my own blood now mixed with the blood of the leopard.

The car came up slowly and quietly and none of us spoke. Ngui pointed where the leopard had gone in and everyone saw it and then we circled the island of bush in the car very slowly and carefully with Ngui and I sitting forward on the fender. There were no outgoing tracks and no blood spoor and we knew the leopard had decided to make his fight, if he were not already dead, wherever he lay.

It was high noon and very hot in the sun and the small island of tight bush looked as dangerous as anything that I remember. Of course it was not truly dangerous as though there was an armed man there. But if it had been an armed man we would have behaved differently and the man would have been killed or surrendered. We only had a wounded leopard who had once killed seventeen goats for fun or irritation or dislike of goats. The patch of tight bush, green and shining and dark below where the roots were intertwined, looked dangerous enough for this day.

Pop had always told me to let them stiffen up and smoke at least one pipe before going in and I remembered this. It was no great help now because I did not smoke and I would not take a drink under the circumstances. So I was only deliberate in telling Muthoka to get on the other side of the island of bush with the car and I gave him and Charo both spears. If the leopard broke out they were to start the car, which we would hear, and sound the klaxon, which we would most certainly hear. I told them to talk in the car and make any noise they wished. But it was a rough blood wedding and when we heard the car stop her engine on the far side of the piece of bush I said to Ngui and Pop's gunbearer "Kwenda kwa chui."

I do not speak Swahili or Kiswahili nor any form of that slave traders', ivory raiders' improvised language correctly but what I said meant, with no possibility of misunderstanding, "We go to the leopard."

It was not very easy to go to the leopard. Ngui had the Springfield .30-06 and he also had the good eyes.

Pop's gunbearer⁷ had the .577 which would knock him, the gunbearer, on his ass if he shot it and he had as good eyes as Ngui. I had the old, well loved, once burnt up, three times restocked, worn, smooth, old Winchester model 12 pump gun that was faster than a snake and was, from thirty-five years of us being together, almost as close a friend and companion with secrets shared and triumphs and disasters not revealed as the other friend a man has all his life....

We covered the enlaced and crossed roots of the thicket from the blood spoor entry to the left or west end where we could see the car around the corner but we could not see the leopard. Then we went back crawling along and looking into the darkness of the roots until we reached the other end. We had not seen the leopard and we crawled back to where the blood was still fresh on the dark green leaves.

Pop's gunbearer was standing up behind us with the big gun ready and I, sitting down now, started to shoot loads of number eight shot into the cross-tangled roots traversing from left to right. At the fifth shot the leopard roared hugely. The roar came from well into the thick bush and a little to the left of the blood on the leaves.

"Can you see him?" I asked Ngui.

"Hapana."

I reloaded the long magazine tube and shot twice fast toward where I had heard the roar. The leopard roared again and then coughed twice.

"Piga tu," I said to Ngui and he shot toward where the roar had come from. The leopard roared again and Ngui said, "Piga tu."

I shot twice at the roar and Pop's gunbearer said, "I can see him."

We stood up and Ngui could see him but I could not. "Piga tu," I told him. He said, "Hapana. Kwenenda kwa chui."

So we went in again but this time Ngui knew where we were going. We could only go in a yard or so but there was a rise in the ground the roots grew out of. Ngui was directing me by tapping my legs on one side or the other as we crawled. Then I saw the leopard's ear and the small spots on the top of the bulge of his neck and his shoulder. I shot where his neck joined his shoulder and shot again and there was no roar and we crawled back out and I reloaded and we three went around the west end of the island of brush to where the car was on the far side.

"Amekufa," Charo said. "Mzuri mkubwa sana."

"Amekufa," Muthoka said. They could both see the leopard but I could not. They got out of the car and we all moved in and I told Charo to keep back with his spear. But he said, "No. He's dead, Bwana. I saw him die."

⁷E.H. manuscript note: "Ascertain and insert proper name."

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I covered Ngui with the shotgun while he cut his way in with a panga, slamming at the roots and brush as though they were our enemy or all our enemies and then he and Pop's gunbearer hauled the leopard out and we swung him up into the back of the car. He was a good leopard, no bigger than Mayito's, but we had hunted him well and cheerfully and like brothers with no white hunters or Game Rangers and no Game Scouts and he was a Kamba leopard condemned for useless killing in a Kamba *shamba* and we were all Wakamba and all thirsty.



The tin roofs of Loitokitok were glistening in the sun, and as we came closer we could see the eucalyptus trees and the formal road that, heavily shaded and with Britannic might, ran up to the small fort and jail and the resthouses where the people who participate in the administration of British justice and paper work come to take their rest when they are too poor to return to their home country. We were not going up to disturb their rest even though it meant missing the sight of the rock gardens and the guided, tumbling stream that much later became a river.

In Benghi's General Store were Masai *wanawake* that we knew, eager and unbuying with their cuckolded husbands up the street drinking Golden Jeep sherry from South Africa with a spear in one hand and the bottle of Golden Jeep in the other. They were cuckolded standing on one leg or on two and I knew where they would be and walked down the right side of the narrow tree-shaded street not insolent nor pistol proud to the Masai drinking place where I said, "Soba," and shook a few cold hands and went out without drinking. Eight paces to the right I turned into Mr. Singh's. Mr. Singh and I embraced and Mrs. Singh and I shook hands and then I kissed her hand, which always pleased her since she was a Turkana and I had learned to kiss hands quite well and it was like a voyage to Paris which she had never heard of but would have ornamented on the clearest day Paris ever had. Then I sent for the mission-boy interpreter who entered and removed his mission shoes and handed them to one of Mr. Singh's many boys, always clean-turbaned and maliciously polite.

"How are you, Mr. Singh?" I asked through the interpreter.

"Not bad. Here. Doing business."

"And beautiful Madame Singh?"

"Four months until the baby."

"*Felicitades*," I said and kissed Madame Singh's hand again using the style of Alvarito Caro then Marques de Villamayor, a town we had once entered but been forced out of...

"What do you know, Mr. Singh?"

"Strictly nothing," Mr. Singh said, "except that a loose wallah is waiting for you out front."

"Which loose wallah?"

"One of your numerous Masai brothers. One of your people is cohabiting with his wife, if that is of any interest."

"Not in the slightest," I said and Mr. Singh was pleased for we both knew a showdown with this particular loose wallah was long overdue for all of our sakes.

We touched glasses and finished the good drink and I went out into the forward part of the store where a Masai, heavily built, over-ochered and over thirty-two-years old and still wearing his *morani* headdress that dripped down between his eyes, was supporting himself on an unblooded spear while he drank a bottle of Tusker.

"How are you, Simeon?" I asked, noting this was not the first bottle he had faced by the light perspiration on his upper lip and that he was sweating across the shoulders and under the arms.

"How are you, sir?"

"Very well."

"We have noted that Memsahib killed the destructive lion."

"Very kind of you," I said. "Please tell the elders that I came into town to report it at my first free moment."

"Congratulations on your *chui*, sir."

"The *chui* was nothing."

"You did not kill him with the pistol nor strangle him?"

"I might kill you with the pistol on one of your bright days or hang you but the leopard was killed with a shotgun."

"Such as you use for shooting birds."

"Exactly."

"It is very extraordinary."

"You are a little extraordinary yourself," I said. "Is the spear loaded?"

"As all Masai spears are."

"You know where you can stick it."

"I do not understand your meaning."

I explained my meaning and felt Mr. Singh moving into second leopard's position and Madame Singh, a good Turkana, was taking a short-bladed spear from behind the counter.

Before we left the back parlor I had unhooked the top of my holster and Mr. Simeon was in what the French refer to as a state of manifest inferiority

unless he wished to make a play in which case with the steel-butted spear with the long blade erect, as he would seldom be, he was invincible.

"Give Mr. Simeon some bubble gum," I said to Madame Singh, thinking that we had better bring it on or get it over with. I dropped my right hand low and sloped the thigh up a little and Mrs. Singh extended the carton which contained the bubble gum. She did this with politeness. It was all a little too rough and it was not the ideal comedy of manners but we had been vouchsafed a chance to judge Simeon since September so I said, "Why don't you make a play now, Simeon, instead of taking the bubble gum? Does your wife chew bubble gum when so-and-so takes her?"

But he did not take the bubble gum nor did he make a play and I turned my back and waited to feel it in the kidneys and walked over to the wooden bar and notion counter. I could feel that I was sweating pretty badly and I was pleased to see that Mr. Singh was sweating really well at the line of his turban. He was also sweating on his cheeks above his beard.

"Mr. Singh," I said. "We must build up a better class of trade in this *duka*."

I still did not know whether Mr. Simeon might try a throw from the door as he was undecided; his great error.

"It is difficult," Mr. Singh said. "The trade is divided in too many ways...."

Mr. Singh and I went into the back room and he handed me the White Heather and I poured for us both. The Scottish courage with plain water added never had tasted better.

"Pity you don't drink, Mr. Singh."

"I have always missed it greatly," Mr. Singh said. "May I be permitted an observation?"

"More than permitted."

"I do not think all our recent performance was entirely necessary. Most, but not all."

"How right you are. Would you care to offer a critique? It would be welcome."

"I believe the reference to this misconduct of the wife imperiled both of your flanks."

"And my rear."

"We have only small amusements in Loitokitok. May I thank you for the diversion? I had him covered."

"Oh!"

"I have a license for it," he said. "Or someone has. No one wants to be hanged these days."

He shrugged one shoulder slightly and it appeared in his left hand like a conjuring trick. It was an old Webley .455.

"Admirable. Let's see it go back."

It went back as fast it came out.

"The old elastic cord," Mr. Singh said. "The only trick is that the strength and degree of expansion of the cord should maintain an exact ratio to the

weight and balance of the weapon."

"It is wholly admirable."

Mr. Singh handed me the bottle and I poured two very small drinks and we each added water.

"If you like I would be very happy to enter your service as an unpaid volunteer," Mr. Singh said. "At present I am informing for three government services none of whom coordinate their information or have any proper liaison."

"Things are not always exactly as they seem and it is an empire which has been functioning for a long time."

"Do you admire the way it functions now?"

"I am a foreigner and a guest and I do not criticize."

"Would you like me to inform for you?"

"With carbons furnished of all other information delivered."

"There are no carbons of oral information unless you have a tape recorder. Do you have a tape recorder?"

"Not with me."

"You could hang half Loitokitok with four tape recorders."

"I have no desire to hang half Loitokitok."

"Neither do I. And who would buy at the *duka*?"

"Mr. Singh, if we did things properly we would perpetrate an economic disaster."

"Instead of the type of disaster we have now," Mr. Singh said....

"Now I must go up to where we left the car."

"I will walk with you if you don't mind. Three paces to the rear and on your left."

"Please don't trouble yourself."

"It is no trouble."

I said good-by to Mrs. Singh and told her we would be by with the car to pick up three cases of Tusker and a case of Coca-Cola and walked out into the lovely main and only street of Loitokitok.

Towns with only one street make the same feeling as a small boat, a narrow channel, the headwaters of a river, or the trail up over a pass. Sometimes Loitokitok, after the swamp and the different broken countries and the desert and the forbidden Chyulu hills, seemed an important capital and on other days it seemed like the rue Royale. Today it was straight Loitokitok with overtones of Cody, Wyoming or Sheridan, Wyoming in the old days. I kept as good a watch for Simeon as though we were hunting but, with Mr. Singh at my back, it was a relaxed and pleasant walk which we both enjoyed and in front of Benghi's with the gas pump, the wide steps like a Western general store, and the many Masai standing around the hunting car, I stopped by the car and told Kamau, who was driving, that I would stay with the rifle while he went to shop or drink. He said no that he would rather stay with the rifle. So I went up the steps and into the crowded store. I went to the far end of the long

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L-shaped counter and began to buy medicines and soaps....

Ngui had gone to Mr. Singh's. He had found some dye powder we wanted to dye my shirts and hunting vests Masai color, and he and I drank a bottle of Tusker.

In the presence of Mr. Singh, Ngui asked me in Kamba how I would like to — Mrs. Singh and I was delighted to see that either Mr. Singh was a very great actor or that he had not had the time or opportunity to learn Kamba....

When I drove the car back to Benghi's front steps some Masai who wanted to ride down the mountain were waiting.

"— 'em all," said Ngui. This was the only English phrase he liked or at least the only one he often used, since for some time English had been considered the language of the hangman, government officials, civil servants and Bwanas in general. It was a beautiful language but it was becoming a dead language in Africa and it was tolerated but not approved. Since Ngui, who was my brother, had used it I used it in return and said, "The long and the short and the tall."

He looked out at the importuning Masai that, had he been born in the older times which were still within the span of my life, he would have enjoyed dining on and said in Kamba, "All tall."



I asked Ngui if he would find my spears because I was going out to hunt when the moon rose. It was more than a little bit theatrical; but so is *Hamlet*. We were all deeply moved. Possibly I was the most moved because, having made the old mistake of not watching my mouth, I now had to hunt with the spear and the backing-up spears and with no dog. But I remembered that I had the pistol and it felt very good and I loved the pistol and its non-slapping firmly swung and secured weight, and went back to my reading. The lamp had a new mantle and was working well and the moon would be up in about ten minutes. It was not a long time to wait and I knew that Ngui would be oiling the spears. He did not know how to hone them but Charo, who had not gone to Loitokitok and who loved the spears and what they stood for and against, would have cared for them as he cared

for the guns. But any spear should be checked and oiled before you carry it out to kill with.

I don't remember when the spear hunting started. I know we began to learn a little about spears at the first camp in Selengai when I used to go bird shooting with a group of Masai *morani* that were the best Masai we had met and were young men who were not spoiled or corrupted in any way. We had met them one evening in the thick country where there was an island between two branches of the dry sand river below Selengai. They were returning from some ceremony they had been holding in the center of the island. It had involved the eating of meat and was a seasonal observance and they were as cheerful and rough after the solemnity as a good football team that has just attended Mass.

I was alone and an intruder in their country and I could not speak Masai and they, feeling boisterous, acted a little as though they were a war party. But they had never seen a shotgun or a bird killed in flight and I shot two quail that rose whirring from where we were standing looking each other over and, at the thump of the birds in the brush, they were completely delighted. They found them and brought them in and stroked and admired them and from then on we hunted together. We were rather a large group to hunt with anything but a shotgun but they saw roosted guinea fowl that I would never have seen; the big bird hunched tight down onto the high limb and when they made me see it the gun would speak suddenly and there would be the heavy flopping of the bird through the branches and then the final thump. If another bird flew, aroused by the shot and showing clearly over our heads against the last clearness of the sky, suddenly collapsed and thumped down, once hitting one of the *morani* as he fell, then we all embraced.

There were rhino in that country and I tried to explain this and that we should be careful but they thought I wanted to shoot a rhino which was very impractical with the shotgun but they showed what they would do with the spears and I suppose that was when the spear business really started. I was worried about the drill for rhino with a combined operation of shotgun and Masai spears on him but I figured that if one did come the best thing to do would be to try to get him in the eyes or make sure of one eye and then to hope for the best. I was sure I could get an eye if I waited him out, but then I reflected that a rhino could barely see anyway and that his nose would still be functioning but I thought I could get the second shot into the nose if I could keep my legs still and that I certainly must do that before my new friends and business associates, so we hunted very lightheartedly.

This was evidently a time when Masai of this age class had no duties except to be in the woods, so we hunted together whenever I had time and I started to try to learn Masai and, respectfully, how to

use the spear and our small group of guinea slayers and potential rhino confronters was known as the Honest Ernies. Ngui and I were neither friends nor brothers then and I wanted to hunt alone both for pleasure and prestige and I was well on the way to being a traitor, if I had been a Wakamba then, or, at least, a collaborationist when the Honest Ernies had to leave. I never knew what it was about except that it was a tribal thing connected with the same ceremony that had brought us so happily in contact in the forest. It could have been my fault but each Honest Ernie left with shotgun shells for earplugs and a penny which had been held between the forefinger and the thumb of the right hand and shot out of that position with a .22 pistol bullet. That was the only tradition that the unit had, and we had never fought a rhino nor killed anything larger than a guinea fowl. I had learned a very little about the spear and perhaps twelve words of Masai but it had been no time lost in one's life.

Now the moon was up over the shoulder of the mountain and I wished that I had a good big dog and that I had not declared to do something. But I had and so I checked the spears and put on my soft moccasins and thanked Ngui and left the mess tent. There were two men on guard with the rifles and the ammo and a lantern on the tree outside the tent and I left these lights behind and left the moon over my right shoulder and started off on the long walk.

The spear haft felt good and heavy and it was taped with surgical tape so that your hand would not slip if it was sweaty. Often, using the spear, you sweat heavily under your armpits and on your forearms and the sweat runs down the haft. The grass stubble felt good under my feet and then I felt the smoothness of the motor tire track that led to the airstrip we had made and the other track we called The Great North Road. This was the first night I had gone out alone with the spear and I wished I had one of the old Honest Ernies or the big dog. With the German shepherd dog you could always tell if there was something in the next clump of bush because he fell back at once and walked with his muzzle against the back of your knee. But being properly scared as I was when out with the spear at night is a luxury that you have to pay for and like the best luxuries it is worth it most of the time. Mary, G.C. and I had shared many luxuries and some had been potentially expensive but, so far, all had been worth the price. It was the stupidities of daily life with its unflagging erosion that was not worth what it cost, I thought, and I checked the various bushes and dead trees that had cobra holes in my mind and hoped that I would not step on any of them if they were out hunting....

In camp I had heard two hyenas but they were quiet now. I heard a lion up by the old *manyata* and resolved to keep away from the old *manyata*. I

did not have enough courage to go up there anyway and that was also rhino country. Ahead, on the plain, I could see something asleep in the moonlight. It was a wildebeest and I worked away from him or her, it turned out to be a him, and then got back onto the trail again.

There were many night birds and plovers and I saw bat-eared foxes and leaping hares but their eyes did not shine as they did when we cruised with the Land-Rover since I had no light and the moon made no reflection. The moon was well up now and gave a good light and I went along the trail, happy to be out in the night, not caring if any beast presented himself. I looked back and could not see the lights of camp but could see the mountain high and square-topped and wonder-white in the moonlight, and I hoped I would not run into anything to kill. I could always have killed the wildebeest; maybe; but if I did I would have to dress him out and then stay with the carcass so the hyenas did not get him or else rouse the camp and get the truck and be a showoff, and I remembered that only six of us would eat wildebeest, and that I wanted some good meat for when Miss Mary came back.

So I walked along in the moonlight hearing the small animals move and the birds cry when they rose from the dust of the trail and thought about Miss Mary and what she would be doing in Nairobi and how she would look with her new haircut and whether she would get it or not, and that I would have Miss Mary back in a day. By this time I was nearly up to where she had killed her lion and I could hear a leopard hunting in the edge of the big swamp to the left. I thought of going on up to the salt flats but I knew if I did I would be tempted by some animal, so I turned around and started on the worn trail back to camp, looking at the mountain and not hunting at all.



ying in bed it was a pleasure to remember great and respected liars and some of their more formidable lies. Ford Madox Ford was perhaps the greatest liar I had known in civil life, and I recalled him, if not with affection, with esteem. When I had first heard him lying astoundingly and unmistakably in Ezra Pound's old studio in the rue Notre Dame des Champs at a late

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hour in the evening I had been shocked and puritanically offended. Here was a man old enough to be my father, and a self-confessed master of English prose, who lied so badly that I was embarrassed. After Ford had left with his wife of the moment, whom he was unable to marry since he had never been properly divorced, I asked Ezra if the strange man with the wheezing breath, which was less pleasant to be near than the breath of a hyena, and the ill-fitting teeth and the pompous manner of the early and unsuccessful models of the armored tracked vehicles always lied so much to men who were familiar with the subject on which he was discoursing.

Ezra, who is a good and kind man and only ruthless in print, said, "Hem, you must try to understand. Ford lies only when he is very tired. It is a way of relaxing."

Ezra was then trying to educate me, a process he later abandoned as hopeless, and I was teaching him to box. This was a project I was forced to abandon and he took up playing the bassoon instead. Of the two arts, boxing in the time before television was probably the more difficult to master and the apprenticeship is certainly more arduous. I could not stand to hear Ezra play the bassoon and thought of trying to interest him in the bass viol or the tuba, two not too complex instruments which I felt he might dominate, but no one had enough money to purchase either one of those large instruments in those days so I took to going to the studio a little less and Ezra and I played tennis each afternoon.

This was a sport at which neither of us was intolerably efficient and we played in a court to which you paid a fee each time you played, which was situated exactly opposite the place where the guillotine is set up for those morning performances the French still love so much and the pavement was sometimes newly washed. Carrying an extra coat, which for me was the lining of an old Burberry, we would ring for the concierge at the iron gate that led into the courts.

At this time I could not afford tennis nor could I afford almost any other thing except work which we are born to afford and the supplying of food and lodging to my wife and child. Ezra, who was not a rich man either and had at one time lived in London on a budget which included one duck egg daily since he had read somewhere that they were seventy percent more nourishing than hens' eggs, and I enjoyed the luxury of our tennis greatly and played with what was our conception of savage elegance. Ezra wore flannels. Ezra played better than I did, which is as it should be in tennis if you are to have pleasure. At that time, and up to a few years ago, I had a mysterious service called the pig ball. This landed flat and dead but with speed, and did not bounce at all. You can only serve a certain amount

of pig balls since it is a slice which is stroked heavily on top with a very violent but caressing motion which is extremely destructive to the ligaments of the right shoulder. There are many pitches which you can throw which are extremely difficult to hit but you cannot throw them too often and that, and the fact that people still consume alcohol, accounts for many relief pitchers being relief pitchers rather than starting pitchers.

So I thought about this and about Hughie Casey, now a suicide, and Kirby Higbe, now an evangelist, and the fun we used to have together nights in Havana and afternoons pigeon shooting with Augie Galan, Curt Davis, Larry French and Billy Herman. They were all splendid shots except Higbe who never came to shoot since he was reserving himself entirely for night life. He loved to pick fights in gambling places and in nightclubs. But once the fight was peaked he would call out, "Come on, Ernie, you take him." So I had come to occupy much the same position in Higbe's fighting life as Hugh Casey held in his pitching life with the Dodgers.

Those were the last carefree months for many years. I could not believe as a writer and an individual that after the Spanish war and then China that the whole destructive process of war would begin all over again. I knew, though, I had been fortunate enough to have had the time to write one book. Now I stopped thinking about this and about Havana, although you could never be lonely thinking about Havana, and I started to think about the Spanish Civil War. You could never be lonely thinking about that either and although we usually tried not to think about a war when it was over, it is always impossible not to think or remember sometimes.

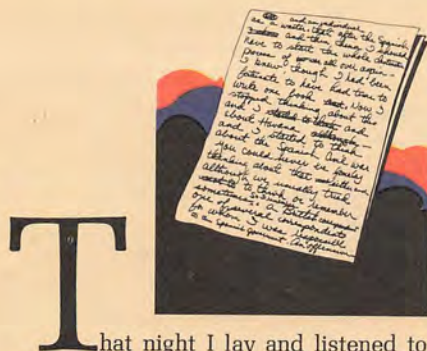
* * *

Mwendi brought the morning tea and I thanked him, drank it outside the tent by the remnants of the fire thinking and remembering while I drank it, and then dressed and went out to see Keiti.... We were formal and friendly and he said that he would like to go out with me one night with the spears. I was very touched by this and knew that he would be a better man than I was. So I asked him if everything was correct and in order in the camp and he said that the camp was in perfect order but that some of the young men had come in late after celebrating the leopard.

I walked back to the mess tent to have breakfast. There were several airmail editions of the *London Times* and one of *The Daily Telegraph* that I had not read and I abandoned thinking and took up the pleasure of reading of the great world beginning with the Court Circular and finally ending with the usual column that the *Telegraph* devoted to the doings of Senator McCarthy. I had taken about as many remarks about the Senator and his two assistants as I could swallow from Europeans and not

being anti-Semitic I had never given my opinion on the two assistants except perhaps a dozen times when I had attempted to explain how such things worked from the old example of the smart one and the rich one. In the last shipment of books we had received two books on the Senator, and G.C. and I had tried to understand him and the problem he presented. Pop had refused to read the books and had dismissed the problem, saying, "There are enough disgusting things in life without me having to read about that Senator whatever his name is."

But G.C. and I continued to be fascinated by the Senator and especially his two assistants and their antics, and on this morning I read *The Daily Telegraph* with true appreciation. It was an excellent paper anyway and I had been attempting to follow racing in it. But there is no true stimulus in following racing, except as a mental exercise, when there was no bookmaker in Loitokitok and the paper arrived, sometimes, a week or a month after the horses had gone to the post. From what I had learned of Mr. Singh the day before I was sure it would have been possible for him to get a bet down. But our communications were too tenuous.



That night I lay and listened to the noises of the night and tried to understand them all. Something Keiti had said was very true; no one knew the night. But I was going to learn it if I could alone and on foot. I did not want to share it with anyone. Sharing is for money and you do not share a woman nor would I share the night. I could not go to sleep and I would not take a sleeping pill because I wanted to hear the night and I had not decided yet whether I would go out at moonrise. I knew that I did not have enough experience with the spear to hunt alone and not get into trouble and that it was both my duty and my great and lovely pleasure to be in camp when Miss Mary should return....And I remembered that more than half of my life had been spent, at night, which should be the best time, with women who could not come enough or who could come too easily and who were always stubbing out cigarette butts and commencing their sentences with the word, "Darling."

This is a word a man can stand to hear only so many times in his life and the stubbed-out cigarette

butt has an evil smell so I thought about this which was not inspiring, nor life-bringing, nor educational and I listened to the night, which was a normal night, promising and lovely as a whore, but not for me because I had not slept for too long and so, listening, I went to sleep.

So far I have never slept alone without rewarding or destructive dreams. They are difficult to recall sometimes if one is awakened by the sound of small arms fire or by the telephone or by an irascible wife; but usually the dreams are worth what they cost you and on this night I dreamed that I was in an inn, or *Gasthaus* rather, in the canton of Vaud in Switzerland. The wife I had loved first and best and who was the mother of my oldest son was with me and we were sleeping close together to keep warm and because that was the best way to sleep if both people love each other and it is a cold night. There was a wistaria tree, or vine, that grew up the face of the hotel and over an arbor and the horse-chestnut trees in bloom were like waxen candelabra. We were going to fish the Rhône canal and the day before the dream we had fished the Stockalper. Both streams were milky with snow water and it was the early spring. My first and best wife was sleeping soundly, as always, and I could smell every scent of her body and the chestnut trees as well and she was warm in my arms and her head was under my chin and we were sleeping as close and as trusting as kittens sleep. I had bad dreams then as a residue, or inheritance, from a badly organized war, and sleep, or his brother death, were all that interested me at night. That was, of course, after we had slept together. But there was no problem, then, about knowing the night because we had known the night too well. But tonight, in the dream, I slept happily with my true love in my arms and her head firmly under my chin and when I woke I wondered about how many true loves to which you were faithful, until you were unfaithful, a man could have and I thought about the strange strictures of morality in different countries and who it was that could make a sin a sin.

Ngui had five wives, which we knew was true, and twenty head of cattle, which we all doubted. I had only one legal wife due to American law but everyone remembered and respected Miss Pauline who had been in Africa long ago and was much admired and beloved especially by Keiti and Mwendi and I knew that they believed she was my dark Indian wife and that Miss Mary was my fair Indian wife. They were all sure that Miss Pauline must be looking after the *shamba* at home while I had brought Miss Mary to this country and I never told them that Miss Pauline was dead because it would have saddened everyone. Nor did we tell them of another wife they would not have liked who had been reclassified so that she did not hold that rank nor

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category. It was generally presumed even by the most conservative and skeptical of the elders that if Ngui had five wives I must have at least twelve due to the difference between our fortunes.

It was generally understood that I was married to Miss Marlene who, through photographs I had received and letters, was supposed to be working for me in a small amusement *shamba* I owned called Las Vegas. They all knew Miss Marlene as the author of *Lili Marlene* and many people thought that she was Lili Marlene and we had all heard her many hundreds of times singing a song called *Jonny* on the old crank-up phonograph when *Rhapsody in Blue* was a new tune and Miss Marlene, then, sang about muts aroun a phlegm.⁸ This tune had always moved everyone deeply and when I was gloomy or dispirited, being far from my amusement *shamba*, Molo, who was Ngui's half brother, would ask, "Muts aroun phlegm?" and I would say to put her on and he would crank the portable phonograph and we would all be happy hearing the beautiful, deep, off-key voice of my beautiful non-existent wife singing in my amusement *shamba* which she ran so well and faithfully.



Because I was awake now and I was not sure that I would ever sleep again I thought about another girl that I knew and, at that time, loved very much. She was a rangy-built American girl running to shoulders and with the usual American pneumatic bliss that is so admired by those who do not know a small, hard, well-formed breast is better. But this girl had good Negro legs and was very loving although always complaining about something. She was pleasant enough to think about at night though when you could not sleep and I listened to the night and thought about her a little and the cabin and Key West and the lodge and the different gambling places we used to frequent and the sharp cold mornings of the hunts we had made together with the wind rushing by in the dark and the taste of the air of the mountains and

⁸The line "moths around a flame" is from the song *Falling in Love Again* that Marlene Dietrich sang in the movie, *The Blue Angel*.

the smell of sage back in the days when she cared for hunting other things than money. No man is ever really alone and the supposed dark hours of the soul when it is always three o'clock in the morning are a man's best hours if he is not an alcoholic nor afraid of the night and what the day will bring. I was as afraid as the next man in my time and maybe more so. But with the years fear had come to be regarded as a form of stupidity to be classed with overdrafts, acquiring a venereal disease or eating candies. Fear is a child's vice and while I loved to feel it approach, as one does with any vice, it was not for grown men and the only thing to be afraid of was the presence of true and imminent danger in a form that you should be aware of and not be a fool if you were responsible for others. This was the mechanical fear that made your scalp prickle at real danger suddenly and when you lost that reaction it was time to get into some other line of work. So I thought of Miss Mary and how brave she had been in the ninety-six days she had pursued her lion; not tall enough to see him properly ever; doing a new thing with imperfect knowledge and unsuitable tools; driving us all with her will so we would all be up an hour before daylight and sick of lions, especially at Magadi, and Charo, loyal and faithful to Miss Mary but an old man and tired of lions, had said to me, "Bwana, kill the lion and get it over with. No woman ever kills a lion."

Instead we had kept on forever and Miss Mary had killed her lion as Pop had wished, for his last hunt, and then, the hunt having taken a bad turn, she had doubted all of us.

In Africa you live in a state of happy carefree despair...but among all of us only The Informer had remorse. He carried remorse with him as a man might carry a baboon on his shoulder. Remorse is a splendid name for a racehorse but it is a poor lifetime companion for a man. I had a truly lovely grandmother with a face like an angel if angels were eagles and she had told me, after writing an excuse for my absence from high school and caring for me for six days when I had picked up a concussion acquired when boxing under another name than my own since nobody, then, would pay to see a boy named Hemingway fight, "Ern, promise me to do what you truly want to do. Do it always. I am an old woman now and I have always tried to be a good wife to your grandfather and as you know he can be a difficult man. But I want you to remember, Ern. Can you remember now, Ern?"

"Yes, Grandmother. I can remember everything except six rounds."

"They don't matter," she said. "Remember this now. The only things in life that I regret are the things that I did not do."

"Thank you very much, Grandmother. I'll try to remember."

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Balding **Bobby Hull** of hockey's Chicago Black Hawks apparently could not bear to see all those athletes making money doing TV commercials, so he got himself some hair transplants to cover the bare spot. And *viola!* He has been hired to do a shampoo commercial. The hair plugs are very expensive, but with the money TV pays for its own kind of plugs, to mention it is splitting hairs.

Football buffs and sportswriters have had a marvelous time with the name **Sonny Sixkiller** this season—devising all manner of puns to play off against it. Good thing some of Sonny's Oklahoma ancestors aren't around to play football. One was named **Houston B. Tee Hee**.

After his win there over **Tigran Petrosian**, Chess Master **Bobby Fischer** toured Argentina's provinces for almost a month, getting the red-carpet treatment wherever he went. He reciprocated the hospitality, too; during his series of 14 exhibition sessions—at \$500 each—he lost eight games. But his most disastrous session was in Buenos Aires at the Teatro General San Martín, the scene of his match with Petrosian. The appearance was scheduled for morning, but Bobby likes to sleep late and did not turn up until midday. By that time much of the audience and many of his intended opponents had left. Still, Bobby said he was "very happy" about the tour, and summed up the provinces: "The cows and horses look so healthy."

After so many years of concern about underprivileged kids, here is someone glancing at the other side of the coin. Word comes that tennis pro **Stan Singer** is running a six-week upper-crust camp at the Monte Carlo Country Club in Monaco in which **Prince Rainier** is a principal



stockholder. At \$2,000 a head, teen-agers get tennis instruction, French instruction, luxury accommodations, the use of Singer's home and pool, sports cars to drive and, informs a heady press release, a private discothèque where they "can unwind from the pressures of tennis, gourmet dining and the beach."

◆ By the end of the year, **Herve Filion**, 31, had broken all horse racing victory records, harness and thoroughbred, by winning 543 times. And what does a fellow with a grueling racing schedule do for relaxation? Why, he gets back in the sulky, so to speak, only this time it is a snowmobile. Filion's frolic took place on his father's farm near Angus, Quebec.

Coming up in mid-February, the fourth annual Snow Carnival of the South near Boone, N.C., and guess who will be presiding over the affair? Why, **Mickey Mantle** and **Bobby Richardson**. Mantle admits he feels a bit out of his element, since the closest he ever came to skiing was sliding down an Oklahoma hill on a piece of cardboard. Which might help explain the pair's reaction on see-

ing their first pair of clam shell ski boots, the kind that fold apart so you can get your foot into them. "We didn't know what they were," said Mantle. "I decided they were vests you wear in case you run into a tree."

Question: How can you be Young and old at the same time?

Answer: When you are **Stephen M. Young**, 82, the outspoken former Senator from Ohio who used to answer angry constituents with letters that began, "Dear Mr. Jones: I thought you should know that some idiot has been writing to me using your name. . . ." Now practicing law, Young manages a session of tennis every weekend at the Congressional Country Club, where he gave his analysis of his game recently: "I'm still a novice. I took it up at 79."

There is no end to the corny lengths to which football fans will go to support their teams. Take 22-year-old **Mike Marchetti** of Omaha. Since 1969, Mike has been carrying an ear of Nebraska's best corn to almost every game played by the Cornhuskers, who have now gone 31 without a loss. There was trouble in Hawaii, though, when Mike popped up with his 2-year-old ear. Agriculture quarantine officials confiscated Mike's talisman and would not permit it to leave the airport. Mike's father, a lawyer, had to threaten a suit before the state of Hawaii surrendered supercorn to superfan. After the Orange Bowl last weekend, Mike and the Cornhuskers were back in Nebraska, ear and record intact.

It was the sort of workout trainers call "breezing," and **Muhammad Ali** breezed for days. He began by doing his roadwork for his fight with **Jürgen Blin** in Switzerland accompanied by his twin children in a baby stroller. Then he knocked out Blin with

ease in the seventh round. Finally, he closed out his week with trips to the Moslem holy city, Mecca, where **Prince Faisal ben Fahd** bestowed on him the accolade *Fakhr al Islam* or "Pride of Islam," and Medina, where he prayed at the tomb of the Prophet Mohammed.

● **Princess Anne** of England, at age 21, is already, in a manner of speaking, a collector's item—or maybe that should read item collector. In November, the British Sports Writers' Association named her Sportswoman of the Year. In December, she collected another title when she was named BBC Sports Personality of the Year. Then **Sir Max Aitken**, chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers, after a national poll conducted by the *Daily Express*, presented the lively young Princess with still another Sportswoman of the Year trophy. Everybody seemed happy about the honor—except maybe the dour chap peering over Sir Max's shoulder, Race Driver Jackie Stewart.



Latest biggie among the mighty smalls

Victory was sweet when Eau Claire finally put it to Kentucky State



VALUABLE FRANK SCHADE MOVES UP

Everything wonderful in the dandy and daffy world of small-college basketball came to an abrupt, intense climax out in the snows of Wisconsin the other day simply because that team from the faraway place with the strange-sounding name finally did it.

After two long years of waiting—and losing the big one—the Bugolds of Eau Claire reached the top. When their time came, it was sudden and complete; it took them only one minute and nine seconds to reach past their old nemesis, Kentucky State, and grab the No. 1 ring of the NAIA. The rest of the contest was just for the record, as Guard Frank Schade zipped the Bugolds to a decisive 101-81 victory over the Thorobreds in the Eau Claire Holiday Classic.

Besides offering the two best teams in small-college basketball—if there is such a thing as small-college basketball—this Holiday Classic is one of a kind. The home team plays the first game, not the last. The cheerleaders practically outnumber the players while bringing off tricky deals with an old parachute. And the three visiting teams ride together to games in the same bus, producing such conversational gambits as:

Player 1: "Sure is quiet here."

Player 2: "Sometimes be that way."

The championship game, to be sure, went only one way. Quickly, the curly-haired Schade—who looks like C. W. Moss after he has climbed out from under the camshaft of Clyde Barrow's roadster—and freshman Rich Reitzner led a marvelously balanced attack from backcourt that shredded Kentucky State's press and set up easy jumpers for the Bugolds' big men. Meanwhile, Steve Johnson and Duke Nash took turns roughing up the Thorobreds' star shooter, Travis (Machine) Grant. From a 10-9 lead early in the game, Eau Claire scored four straight baskets on fast breaks in its magic 1:09 to run the Breds right out of University Arena. The lead went to 12, then 17 at the half (50-33), and Kentucky State was not in the contest after that. Never had Machine been treated so. He finished with 32 points but made only 11 of 30 shots.

Preliminary skirmishing between the two biggies of the smalls had not indicated such a conclusion. Half of Eau Claire's four defeats over the past two seasons were tournament losses

to Kentucky State. Everybody in last March's wacky NAIA tournament—including the invisible dog that once served as a team's mascot—thought a third face-off would come in Kansas City, but it was not to be. Eau Claire was upset by Eastern Michigan, and while Kentucky State won its second NAIA title, Eau Claire Coach Ken Anderson could only contemplate a long summer. "This has been the longest wait of my life," he said.

Meanwhile, Kentucky State Coach Lucias Mitchell, the Purlie Victorious of the college game, was staying loose. His team had won 60 games in two years, but this season he was without 7' 1" Elmore Smith, who dominated the NAIA ranks before joining Buffalo of the NBA. And now it was meeting time again, with Eau Claire as host. The opening-night schedule for Eau Claire and Kentucky State, respectively, was Wiley and Drury. The two schools were good, hardly a Ted Mack juggling act their names suggested. Wiley (of Marshall, Texas) jolted the Bugolds by coming from 17 points behind to within five before losing 80-73. Kentucky State had an even harder time getting past Drury, whose freshman guards, Paul Hauck and Brent Stuckey, were the hit of the evening in a 68-66 loss. Make that the second hit.

With 1:44 left in the first half, Machine Grant—frustrated by double teaming and a cold hand—delivered a marvelous elbow to the face of Larry Buzbee. While Buzbee wandered into dreamland, Referee Wayne Kelliher signaled a "flagrant foul" on Grant, which meant automatic ejection. It is a call made about once every eclipse, but Coach Mitchell remained commendably sane about the thing. "Say what?" he yelled at Kelliher. "Say what, Mr. Official!"

"I saw it. If I don't put him out, I look bad," said Kelliher.

"Look bad?" cried Mitchell. "What you say? You are putting my 50 points a game beside me on the bench. Ridiculous. This is basketball; basketball is elbows."

In the championship game Mitchell's main concern was State's lack of experience at the center position, where 6' 10½" freshman Andre Hampton was to battle Eau Claire's experienced Mike Ratliff. In time Hampton will be an awesome customer, but now he is raw. Eau

Claire had five players who had been together for almost four years. "We've been in Kentucky State's shadow too long," said Schade. "They say they're as good as last year, but without Smith they aren't."

Eau Claire was missing Schade's backcourt teammate, James Lindsey, who had lost his eligibility through poor grades just a week before, and Mitchell was ready to take advantage of the weakness. "Their guards can't handle pressure," he said happily.

Anderson had his own confident view. "If we play our best and they play their best, we will win," he said.

And they did. That night Machine missed his first three shots. Eau Claire's Ratliff exploded up the middle to take midcourt passes and help break the press. Tom (Powder Keg) Peck and Tom Jackson strong-armed their way around the rims. The confused Breds digressed into one-on-one patterns and were through almost before they began.

"This has been a long time coming," said Schade afterward, holding his Most Valuable Player trophy in the locker room. Yes. But worth it.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST They were called tournaments, festivals, classics, invitationals, championships. By any name, a good time was not had by all.

No team, for instance, was more distraught than Marshall or its coach, Carl Tacy, who bemoaned the lack of hospitality at the Milwaukee Classic. He refused to let his players shake hands with Marquette's team before the finale and "almost hit" Warrior Coach Al McGuire, with whom he declined to shake hands after his 74-72 loss to them. "I don't like the guy," McGuire said. "He is a phony, an Elmer Gantry." Marshall won the field-goal war 62-46, but lost because the Warriors sank 28 foul shots.

LSU Coach Press Maravich felt the officiating at the Astro-Bluebonnet affair was anything but classic, even though he got what he asked for. Awarded a technical foul during a game against Texas A&M, he yelled, "Give me two." He got two. "Give me three," he said. The official gave him a third and banished him. Even with its coach

gone, LSU managed to draw two more technicals as it lost the unconsoling consolation game 73-68. Meanwhile, Houston beat Michigan State in the final 106-73.

Missouri's last triumph in the Big Eight Tournament was in 1954, when Norm Stewart scored 18 points against Kansas State. Last week the Tigers again faced the Wildcats in the showdown, and again Stewart helped out. Leading by three points with four minutes left, Stewart, now the Missouri coach, ordered his "layup offense." Sure enough, the half-court-spread tactics led to four quick layups. Missouri won 67-58.

Favored Jacksonville finished fifth at the All-College Tournament, which went to Eastern Kentucky, an 83-78 winner over Oklahoma City. Stanford took the Motor City championship over Valparaiso 80-66.

1. MARQUETTE (8-0) 2. OHIO STATE (7-2)

SOUTH "I wanted to show people in this state that there is another team besides Jacksonville and Florida State." The speaker, Florida's Tony Miller, showed enough to be the MVP at the Gator Bowl Tournament. He also showed off a broken finger, the price he paid when two flying Illini crashed into him during a last-chance shot in the championship game. The officials ruled Miller did not shoot—and break—before the buzzer. The Gators lost 76-75. Earlier, Illinois stopped North Carolina State 74-71.

It took five successful foul shots by John Ritter in the last two minutes for Indiana to hold off Old Dominion 88-86 in the latter's tournament. MVP Joby Wright had 24 points in the game and another 18 in the Hoosiers' 61-50 opening-round victory over Brigham Young.

North Carolina, fresh from winning a tournament in Spain, took a third title in 10 days at the Sugar Bowl, disposing of St. Joseph's (Pa.) 93-77 and then rallying to finish off Bradley 75-69.

Maryland ended its siesta with a pair of romps in its own invitational: 103-67 over Western Kentucky and 90-69 over St. John's. Most wide-awake of the Terrapins was MVP Len Elmore, who dazzled the Redmen with his 18 rebounds, blocked shots and steals.

1. N. CAROLINA (8-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (7-1)

WEST No sooner had Honolulu's Rainbow Classic ended than Hawaii Guard Jerome Freeman clambered up on one of the baskets with the sign: *Hawaii No Ka Oi—Ichi Ban*. Translated, the Hawaiian-Japanese words meant "Hawaii Can't Be Beat—No. 1." Well, they were certainly unbeatable in their very own tournament. The Rainbows reached the end of

theirs by outshooting Northwestern 85-83, California 87-79 and rallying in the finals to overcome Arizona State 87-77.

Another team that stole its own show was New Mexico State, winner of its Roadrunner Invitational for the third year in a row. This time the Aggies did it despite losing their sixth player of the season when 6'6" Roy Neal turned in his suit because he felt he was not playing enough.

Florida State came away with the Far West Classic banner, defeating Washington 85-77, Oregon State 73-72 and Washington State 85-61. Oregon State led the Seminoles by three points with 6:23 left to play, then failed to score during the next 6:20. Washington State worked its way to the finals by holding New Mexico to one field goal during a 17½-minute span of their second-round contest, won by the Cougars 60-51.

"I'm being honest with my players this year," said Coach Jerry Tarkanian before his Long Beach State squad faced Fullerton State in the opening round of the International City Classic. "I told them we weren't playing a very good opponent." The 49ers won 103-83, and the next night won again, over U.C. Riverside 109-85.

Colorado State backers, who have named the CSU Auditorium Moby Gym after the great white whale they think it resembles, have had a whale of a time winning six games without a loss in the place. Last week CSU harpooned Utah State 81-68.

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (9-1)

EAST Even while losing, Frank McGuire of South Carolina admitted, "It was one of the best college games I've ever seen." What he saw was his team's 77-76 loss to Villanova, which won the Quaker City title when MVP Tom Ingelsby of the Wildcats got the last two of his 28 points on foul shots with six seconds to go.

GANTT CAN'T DECODE MORSE screamed a banner held by Penn fans before the Kodak Classic final. Matt Gantt of St. Bonaventure ripped the sign, and he and teammate Vic Thomas almost ripped the Quakers. But Bob Morse looped in enough outside shots to give Penn a 70-69 victory.

Louisville players caused a ruckus at the Madison Square Garden Holiday Festival by refusing to show up for the national anthem. The only time they had lost this season they stood for pregame ceremonies. They said they preferred to spend some of their pregame time praying in their locker room, but then heeded requests to face the music before the title game against Fordham. Their superstition seemed groundless as they soared over the Rams 96-82.

1. PENN (7-1) 2. ST. BONAVENTURE (4-2)

Another No. 1 is settled in the Orange Bowl

Howard University, with a band of freewheeling foreigners, completes a two-year crusade for soccer supremacy by upsetting traditional powerhouse St. Louis 3-2. Which proves once again that nothing succeeds like ingress

Amid all the sporting and political hoopla that swirled through Miami last week, the national collegiate soccer championships understandably resembled the calm eye of a Florida hurricane. For the handful of appreciative fans who rattled around the 78,000-seat Orange Bowl for the championship matches, however, it was "eye" as in eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth.

In a brutally physical and exciting finale, Howard University, a mysterious outsider, scored an upset over formidable St. Louis University, the school that had won eight of the previous 12 championships. It was a game of multiple contrasts—not just cheeky newcomer vs. entrenched power, but also uninhibited fast break vs. tight ball control, foreigners vs. homegrown and, for those who seek significance in such face-offs, even black vs. white. The result often was collegiate soccer at its best, sometimes at its worst, always dramatic. It was a good display of why the game has become the NCAA's fastest-growing sport, now played by more than 350 schools.

Howard won the title 3-2 on an explosive goal scored early in the second half of the final game. The Bisons had come from behind twice in the first half, each time when it seemed as if St. Louis was ready to stage a rout. With four minutes left in the second quarter, Howard tied it 2-2, and at the second-half kickoff it moved quickly downfield again. Twenty-five yards out from the St. Louis goal, Howard's captain, Left Half Stan Smith, drilled the ball across the stadium's smooth but abrasive Poly-Turf surface to Alvin Henderson, Howard's quick forward. St. Louis Goalie Al Steck hesitated, then rushed forward to intercept the charge. It was a fatal mistake. The ball rocketed off Henderson's right foot, soared past Steck's desperate lunge

and struck high into the left-hand corner of the net.

For the rest of the game the Bisons drew in their offensive horns, mauled the Billikens' usually deft ball-control attack with some hockey-type checking and ended a St. Louis undefeated streak that had reached back 44 games and three years. In addition, Howard became the first predominantly black institution to win a major college championship.

"Things have been going very well for us all year," said Henderson, a sophomore chemistry major from Trinidad and the team's second-leading scorer. "It just seemed as if we were in the hands of fate and that the tournament was meant for us."

Up until two years ago soccer at Howard seemed fated not for glory but oblivion. The university, located in Washington, D.C., has an undergraduate population of 10,152 that is mainly black (only 500 white students are enrolled). But, thanks to 1,700 foreign students from 72 nations, the campus cafeteria sometimes looks like the Delegates' Lounge at the U.N.

Quite a bit of Howard's soccer talent rolls in with the wave from overseas. Even so, the Howard team could not realistically aspire to a major title until two years ago when the athletic department hired 30-year-old Lincoln Phillips as full-time coach. A native of Trinidad who had served as goalie and player/coach of the Washington Darts in the professional North American Soccer League, Phillips began a revolution.

"There had always been a great many skillful players at Howard," Phillips said the other day, "but there had been very little organization—no real training program, no regular coach, no serious practice. People just came out and played."

Phillips supplemented the supply of

talent with players he recruited back home in Trinidad. He persuaded others like Goalie Sam Tettah of Ghana, who was in school but playing only in a Washington amateur league, to come out for the team. Finally, he installed the free-wheeling British and European style of soccer that most of his players had been raised on. Phillips' system is soccer's equivalent of basketball's fast break, what American cynics call "punt and chase." It consists of long, downfield kicks, with the forwards racing after the ball in the hope they can bang a goal in before the opposition can get organized. Defense is characterized by close checking, knocking people down and going after the ball.

Under Phillips, success came quickly. Last year Howard did not lose a game until UCLA defeated it 4-3 in the NCAA semifinals. This year, with seven starters from Trinidad, two from Bermuda, one from Guinea and one from Ghana, Howard brought a winning streak of 13 to Miami, and Goalie Tettah had turned in four straight shutouts.

Howard's development as a soccer power is the first evidence of its drive to attain big-time athletic recognition. Known for years as a producer of distinguished black leadership, the university has not enjoyed commensurate success on the playing field. "Academically we have always been outstanding," explains Howard's earnest, courtly sports-information director, Ric Roberts. "Now we want to go major in athletics. Soccer at Howard represents a crusade to open up the NCAA university division to a black school."

What Howard faced in the St. Louis Billikens was the product of a grass-roots soccer movement that has been growing thicker and stronger each year. Catholic schools in St. Louis sponsor a soccer pro-



VICTORIOUS GOALIE TETTAH, OF GHANA, SMILES AND CLUTCHES THE NCAA TROPHY

gram that begins in kindergarten. All told—in the church leagues, recreational programs and the school system—25,000 youngsters from high school age down play soccer for several months each year. Typical of these is the Billikens' high-scoring All-America forward, Mike Seerey, whose father is Pat Seerey, the former Cleveland Indian outfielder. Mike plays nothing but soccer from August to June. "I started when I was five or six," he says. "It's my game."

Harry Keough, St. Louis U.'s gregarious coach, ranges no farther than the city limits on his recruiting trips. With the exception of a Brazilian who showed

up for practice one afternoon, the entire Billiken roster comes from St. Louis. Stressing physical fitness and the sort of precise ball-control game that only skillful, experienced players can handle, Keough's teams have won 62 games, lost five, tied four. They have also won three NCAA titles in his five years there.

To get a shot at St. Louis, Howard first had to beat favored Harvard in the semifinals. Also plentifully staffed with foreign talent, the Crimson are backed up on defense by Shep Messing, an American-born goalie who plays his position with the reckless violence of an NFL linebacker. He also plays goal for

the U.S. team now trying to qualify for the Munich Olympics.

Harvard favors the same wide-open game Howard employs. When well executed, punt-and-chase soccer can be a spectating treat, like a high-scoring football game. When badly done it is about as thrilling as a game of catch. Unfortunately, Harvard and Howard put on an inept and scoreless exhibition for most of their game. Finally, with just over 10 minutes left, the Bisons scored, thus sparing the Orange Bowl crowd of 4,044 the ultimate in ennui—an overtime match between two sloppy teams.

"Both of them looked so bad," said St. Louis' Keough after the game, "that my No. 1 problem may be getting my boys up for the finals."

In truth, a No. 1 problem came quicker than that in the form of San Francisco University, the fourth semifinalist. The Dons played the Billikens to a stand-off in the nightcap of the Orange Bowl doubleheader, until churning St. Louis won in the last quarter 3-2.

The finale went all but unnoticed on a crowded Miami social and political calendar that included the Brandt-Nixon summit meeting, John Lindsay's declaration of his presidential candidacy and the promotional hullabaloo preceding two other Orange Bowl games, Nebraska-Alabama and Miami-Baltimore. Even the President's phone call congratulating Dolphin Coach Don Shula on beating Kansas City went almost unnoticed.

While only 5,800 spectators showed up for the soccer finals, the game itself was deftly played and sufficiently gripping to satisfy even sophisticated European soccer buffs. Howard started without its high scorer, Keith Acqui, who had suddenly collapsed with a high fever and swollen glands and was ordered to bed. Partly for this reason, Howard decided to rely on a more controlled defensive game. It probably helped, for gone was the erratic quality of the game against the Crimson.

St. Louis stuck to its well-coordinated attack, spreading its forward line from sideline to sideline to open up the Howard defense for a series of short, accurate passes. The Billikens scored first, Seerey dribbling around Goalie Tettah and flicking the ball home from right in

continued



THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

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front of the net at 4:24 into the game. Howard matched this score three minutes later when St. Louis Goalie Steck dived for a loose ball during a melee in front of his own net and failed to come up with it. Henderson, lying flat on his back, suddenly found the ball at his feet and an open goal before him. He simply swept the ball in with his right leg. But St. Louis went ahead once again less than three minutes later on a goal by Forward Dennis Hadican. This caused an unexpected reaction. The ailing Acqui leaped up from the Howard bench, stripped off his navy-blue warm-up suit and rushed—fever and all—onto the field.

“Keith couldn’t play at his usual level,” said Henderson later, “but it was inspiring just to have him out there with us.” Acqui and Henderson now began sprinting down the sidelines after those high, looping passes from halfbacks, finally tying the score on a goal that was almost a duplicate of the one that had beaten Harvard. Henderson bounded upward under a pass to the left of the St. Louis net and headed it back into the center where freshman Forward Mori Diane kicked it in.

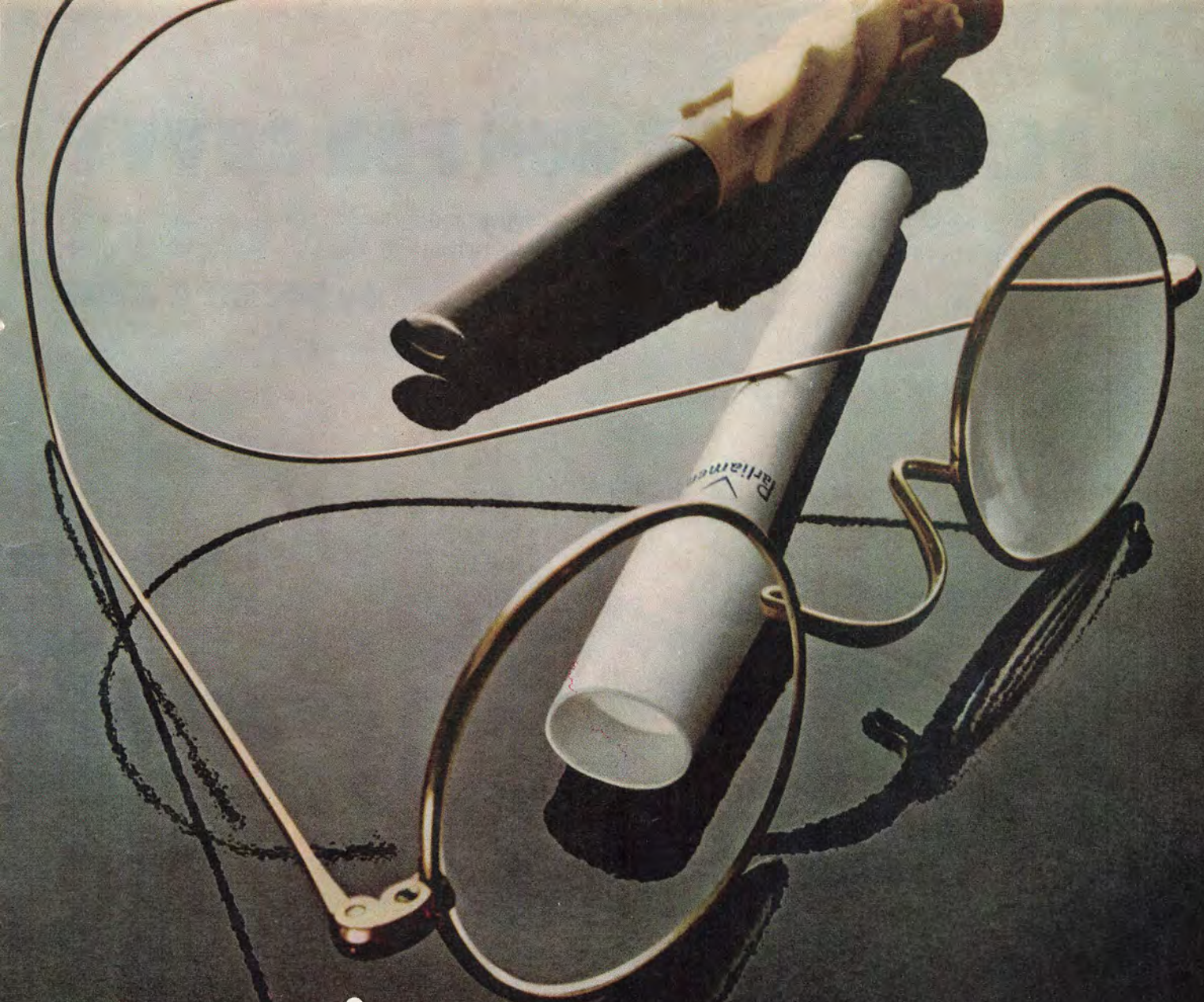
Howard scored its go-ahead goal in the opening moments of the second half, and the rest of the game became a fierce stand-off struggle between St. Louis’ persistent, forcing offense and the packed Howard defense.

The jubilant winners ran a victory lap around the field and didn’t tumble back into their locker room until a good 30 minutes after the game had ended. “Where is the man from the *Miami Herald* who called us ‘upstart Howard’?” one player screamed joyously through the happy chaos as he held the NCAA championship plaque aloft. A team manager snatched a telephone off a shelf and handed it to Coach Phillips.

“It’s President Nixon for you,” he called out as reporters pushed forward.

“What have I got to say, Mr. President?” Phillips said into the phone. “Only that I’m disappointed you didn’t call sooner.” Then he slammed the receiver back on its cradle and whooped with laughter at the joke and the bewildered expressions on those around him who weren’t in on it. Few crusades have gotten off to a more uninhibited—or successful—start.

END



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PLACE IN THE SUN FOR REVVY

Bored by a life of aimless ease, Peter Revson courted danger on the classic racecourses—and for years was dismissed as just another pretty face. Suddenly he is a champion, and a challenger of the heroes

by **ROBERT F. JONES**



If the Sacrilegious Order of International Road Racers ever chooses a patron saint, it might do well to consider the late French philosopher Albert Camus. More than any other modern writer, Camus recognized the transcendent exhilaration of life on the ragged edge. He himself was killed in a car at speed: totaled before his time, but not without accomplishment. Incongruously enough, thoughts of Camus bring to mind Peter Revson, a driver

whose reputation has been more that of a racing playboy than a serious Dicer-With-Death. What triggers the association is the inscription on an unobtrusive but elegant little pillbox resting among Revson's trophies. It was given to him by one of his many equally elegant girl friends, and it says: EVERYTHING IS SWEETENED BY RISK.

Not that Revson's life isn't sweet enough without the risk. Money, style, adulation and now finally a major in-

continued



ternational racing championship have come his way over the years. Early in 1971, having given up on the dubious joys of New York City, Revson moved to Redondo Beach, Calif. The beach towns of Southern California reinforce the Camusian connection, bringing to mind his essay "Summer in Algiers." It is a paean not just to the city of Camus' birth, but to all those easy, pastel towns that open on the sea and the sun. "Throughout their youth, men find a life here that matches their beauty," Camus wrote. "Decline and forgetfulness come later. They have wagered on the flesh, knowing they would lose . . . to the young and vital everything is a refuge and a pretext for rejoicing: the bay, the sun, games on the red and white terraces overlooking the sea, the flowers and stadiums, the cool-limbed girls. But for the man who has lost his youth there is nothing to hang on to, and no outlet for melancholy."

Yes, Algiers—and Redondo Beach. The cool, stuccoed walls take the sun through a veil of haze flung up by long Pacific rollers crashing on the breakwater. Surfers walk the waves, and the scent of grass and leather drifts out of the head shops along Hermosa Avenue. The sports cars parked along the road are draped in multicolored parachutes to fend off the oceanic dew. Revson's apartment building, where a bachelor pad rents for \$300 a month, is defended as if against siege by 12-foot steel fences, tire-tearing dragon's-tooth parking-lot barriers and doormen with hard eyes and bulges on their hips under the long, frogged uniform coats peculiar to their kind. After all, this is Manson country and one cannot be too safe. In the marina next door, yachts and sport fishing boats bob at their moorings, among them Revson's own 32-foot Chris-Craft, appropriately named *The Ragged Edge*.

At first glance, there is nothing ragged about Revvy. Dapper, reserved, courteous and kempt, he looks like a \$10,000 bill must feel. His features are those of a John Held collar model: there are no lines to his face, only lineaments. Although he is now 32 years old, he looks as if he might soak himself daily in that popular Revlon product, Eterna '27', the wrinkle goop. Yet there is a hint of fury under the matinee idol's façade, and one senses beneath the cool accouterments—the Lacoste cardigans, the sockless Gucci loafers, the

tasteful timepiece, all wreathed in an aura of Intimate cologne—a fault line as dangerous in its competitive potential as San Andreas is geologically. One needs only to place a mustache on Revson's upper lip, a hussar's helmet on his head, a saber in his hand and *The Valley of Death* before him to repeat *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Recently, Revvy has been running with the Heavy Brigade—Team McLaren. Driving the McLaren M16 wedge at Indianapolis, Pocono and Ontario, he won \$127,026 and achieved national prominence by capturing the pole at Indy in a record run averaging 178.696 mph. In the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series, ostensibly driving the second car to Denis Hulme, Revvy won



five of the 10 races and \$155,900—\$25,000 of that total from the championship fund when he became the first American to win the Can-Am title. His total take of \$306,676 was second only to Al Unser's \$343,471 in all of racing.

No one can follow automobile racing for long without wondering what compulsion drives the men who drive the cars, and to that end Peter Jeffrey Revson is a continuous target for pop-psych speculation. The most popular of the dime-store Freudian theories about race drivers is that they are all counterphobes, men so irrationally frightened of death that they must continually test it in order to reassure themselves of their immortality. Every close call, runs this theory, produces a peaking of those fears

which, when the dust clears, is followed by high exhilaration at not having been killed. Most drivers scoff at this interpretation, arguing steadfastly that they are in racing for the money, not for any deep-seated psychological or philosophical reasons. Revson is no exception.

Though he is often described as "The Revlon Heir," an appellation that turns him pinker than Coral Vanilla, for most of his 11-year racing career Peter Revson has been heir only to a succession of inferior cars and a lot of big bills. The cosmetics company with which many fans identify him is owned by his uncle, Charles Revson, and, although Peter's own family is better than well off, he has paid his own way. His parents disapprove of his racing.

In fact, his mother has watched him run only once—in his first road race, an amateur event back in February 1960, at Kahuku Point in Hawaii. "We raced on an abandoned airstrip," Peter recalled recently. "Broken, pitted and cold. I was driving my street Morgan. We'd wheel on in there and pull the muffler and the windshield, then tape layers of newspaper over the hood to prevent sandblasting. The Morgan was a lousy car on the street—it ran like a coal cart, with a stiff suspension that took plumber's straps to keep the wood from separating from the steel. But the car really went on that bumpy circuit. I won a good few of the races that I entered in Hawaii. I remember blowing this Sprite off in one race—I put a ding in his fender and he spun out. I was all enthusiasm in those days, enthusiasm and no skill. When I look back on it, wow! The stewards called me in and said: 'You can't drive that way!' In the next race, I blew another guy off, without contact this time, and the stewards banished me. I was too rough, not in the spirit of the club. My mother probably agreed. During the first race she was standing on a sandy point where the cornering was all out of shape, and she kept saying to her friends: 'Look at that damn fool, look at the damn fool!' She never came to another race." Revson smiles with wicked contentment, like a small boy who has liberated the cookie jar.

Revson had been in Hawaii for one final stab at a college education. "I was never much into college," he says. "Having been to prep school, I felt that college was a liberation to be celebrated."

A year and a half at Cornell studying mechanical engineering with minimal success was followed by a semester of general studies at Columbia and the final semester at Hawaii. A brief, dispiriting stint on Madison Avenue ensued—"I was a deputy flunky to the assistant account executive or something"—and then Revson entered his life's work. He bought his first real racing car, an 1,100-cc. Fiat Formula Junior. "Some car," he smiles. "Black and white pleated leather, chrome everything."

He entered the car in a Vanderbilt Cup race at New York's Roosevelt Raceway more easily than he did himself. "I had no SCCA license, but I did have my Kahuku Point Sports Car Club membership card. They didn't know I'd been drummed out of the club and I didn't tell them. I parlayed the card into an FIA license, and I was very sedate indeed during the driving test." Not so during the race itself. Competing against the likes of Indy winner Jim Rathmann and Mexico's up-and-coming Rodríguez brothers, Revson finished seventh overall, an encouraging omen considering it was his first professional race and only the fourth of his life.

The early years are the toughest for a racer. As if the sport itself were not complex enough—intricate machines competing within an even more intricate, Balkanized world of antagonistic sanctioning bodies—the beginning driver is confronted with an infinity of variables, any of which can break him before he has a chance to prove his worth or learn his trade. No one risks a good car on an unproved driver. During 1962, his second full season, Revson coughed up \$8,000 of his own money to race a Cooper Formula Junior. "It was my most expensive season," he figures, "but by today's standards it was cheap. Hell, you can't race even a Formula V for that little these days." Despite the expense, Revson survived the year in good shape and cemented some important friendships with other beginners that would pay off in the years ahead. The most important was E. E. (Teddy) Mayer, the gnomic little wizard from Scranton, Pa., who was trained as a tax lawyer but has become racing's best team manager.

Considering himself now a journeyman, Revson packed off to England in 1963 for a season of European-style road racing. "I drove my own Cooper and

served as my own assistant mechanic," Revson recalls. "I had one guy with me to do the real mechanical stuff. We went around in an old bread van, competing against other upstarts like Denny Hulme, Mike Spence, Gerhard Mitter, Jochen Rindt and David Hobbs." Revvy's stock went high enough to gain him his first Formula I ride, in a Lotus-BRM at Oulton Park, where he finished eighth despite the fact that his front brakes failed early in the race. The season was successful enough to lure Revson into another year of Europe, rather like a poker player who is encouraged by a few early pots. Britain's Tim Parnell put him in a Lotus Formula I car. Revson painted it red, white and blue—and then lost every race from Austria to Zandvoort.

Still, he was living in London, sharing an apartment with Chris Amon, Tony Maggs and Mike Hailwood. "We were known as the Ditton Road Flyers. At that time Chrissy was this pudgy kid fresh off the farm, getting rides that a European driver would have groveled for. Mike was the hottest thing on two wheels in Europe—he'd won world motorcycle championships seven times. I knew that if I was going to stay in racing, I had to make it pay. My old man was secretly hoping that I'd fail—not maliciously, but just hoping that I'd run out of money and come home and do something sane and safe. I damn near did, but then I thought of that ad agency. . . ."

There were other lures to European racing beyond mere money. Europe idolizes its drivers in a manner that America reserves for football heroes, and with much more style. Even so crassly commercial a figure as a rally driver is continuously surrounded, as they say, "with earls and girls." The following year, pragmatism prevailing, Revvy campaigned in the lesser formulas but with greater success. In a 60-car field at Monte Carlo, where the adept handling of brakes and gearbox separates the men from the boys, he came home first—"a big boost to my prestige." That year also marked Revson's return to North American sports-car racing. Driving in the fall races that later evolved into Can-Am, he won a two-heat event at Mosport and single heats at Laguna Seca and Kent, Wash. In the final heat of the Kent race, he found himself wheel to wheel with his younger brother Doug. "We damn near had a punch-up after

that one," he says wryly. "Dougie accused me of blocking and I accused him of fraternal ingratitude." Doug Revson later was killed in a European road race.

Six seasons after he had begun racing, Peter Revson had his first reasonably successful year. In 1966 he earned about \$10,000, mainly in the new GT-40s, which won the World Manufacturers' Championship that season for Ford, with Revvy contributing to victories at Sebring, Monza and Spa. Endurance racing takes grit and intelligence; Revson's rich-boy image began to erode. Revvy was quick enough—though certainly not the quickest. He was definitely steady, not a car breaker. The men who dole out rides in race cars like to see a young driver who is learning all the time, and by the late 1960s Revson was already a bit long in the tooth to be classified that way. He came to be known as a "good backup driver," the man you want to drive your second car. Insurance. The irony was not lost on its victim. Driving second and sometimes third cars, he raced for Cougar in the 1967 Trans-Am series, winning two events—"twice as many as either of my teammates, Dan Gurney and Parnelli Jones." At Indianapolis in 1969 Revvy the Rookie qualified his Repco-Brabham in the 33rd starting position, yet blasted his way through the field to finish fifth. Nonetheless Mark Donohue, who was fourth on the grid, won Rookie-of-the-Year honors by finishing seventh. That decision still smarts.

"There's no question but that Mark is a remarkable driver, a remarkable man," Revson says. "He's an engineer—the real brains behind the Penske thing. He does more for himself before he gets into a car than any driver in America. Maybe I ought to say that he does as *much* as any other driver. But everyone says that Mark and Mario Andretti are the best road racers in the U.S. Still, I've won more international road races over the past two years than both of them put together. Five Can-Ams. Mario won Sebring in 1970 when I was driving with Steve McQueen, and he beat us by about 20 seconds with a new Ferrari when we were driving an old Porsche. Mario won the South African Grand Prix last winter and the Questor Grand Prix at Ontario in the spring. Maybe the South African race counts for more than a bunch of Can-Ams, but the Ques-

continued

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tor wasn't nearly as demanding as a Can-Am. Still, money talks, money talks."

It speaks quite eloquently in the Redondo Beach marina where Revson parks his fishing boat. "I've owned a few boats over the years," Revvy admits. "It's like a guy who gets married five or six times. The happiest moments are when you first get it, and then when you finally get rid of it."

Right now, the honeymoon is still on. Revson checks the mooring lines and studies the tricky surge running in from the breakwater's entrance. He lights off the twin Chevrolet 283-horsepower engines and eyeballs the bilges. He shuts down the engines and stands for a moment on the fantail. The wind is backing around to the north, scouring the smog out of the Los Angeles basin and the stickum out of Revson's hair. In his buckskin jacket, with the pretty-boy contours of his head broken by the north wind, he no longer seems made of patent leather. It suddenly appears interesting that one of his nicknames around the racecourses of the world is "Revtille." But whatever there is about him that strikes his fans as reptilian is now gone with the wind. He pours a couple of bourbons and lights up a cigar for himself.

So this is life on *The Ragged Edge*. The talk veers with the weather, Revson relaxed and rapping on everything from politics to eyesight. "I'm essentially a conservative, like most drivers. An elitist, I guess. . . . I'm not that combative in the corners, not like Pedro was. Maybe Pedro had to do it because of the culture he came from—the machismo number. But if a driver has the beans to get by me, he's gonna get by. I won't shut the gate on him. If I caused a serious injury or something fatal, I'd feel, well, pretty bad. When I had that little dust-up with Sam Posey at Riverside in 1970, during the Trans-Am, it was because he bumped me at the start and again in Turn Two where we both spun out. I was really burning, and I walked on up the pit wall to where Sam was standing. He was saying, 'Now, Peter,'—you know that lockjaw way he talks—'Now, Peter, I didn't mean anything. . . .' But I had him by the front of his lapels and he was backing up and he fell right over the pit wall with me on top of him. I never swung on him, so help me. . . ."

"It's mostly bottom fishing around here, sea bass, halibut, barracuda and

that sort of stuff. What I really like is the tropical water, where the billfish run. Or fishing for bones, in the flats over the coral, where you have to really use your eyes. Driving takes better eyes than any other sport, even baseball. When you get in trouble, you react to it instantly. It all gears down into slo-mo. At Indy, when Mike Mosley and Bobby Unser got tangled up in Turn Four, I was coming up right behind Mike when I saw him leave the groove. I knew it was trouble, and I was able to steer down before he hit the wall. Bobby was right behind me and he didn't have a chance to avoid Mike's ricochet. You don't stand a chance if you think objectively at those speeds. You can't afford to reflect. If you take the time to intellectualize, you're finished. . . . Look at that tuna clipper over there! That's what I'd like. It's interesting—the old workboats are the luxury deals of today. What the hell does that mean?"

Revson's apartment faces north along the beach, and the wind has insinuated itself through the porous California walls. Even his golden trophies look chilly as he comes back in from the boat. Gaudy rugs are dangling in the draft, in lieu of paintings. "Harbor Cove Modern," he says, dismissing the apartment's appointments. "I left all of *my* stuff back in New York." Something that resembles a poodle skin lies on the floor. A memento of Revson's childhood? "No, just plastic," he says. Indeed, there is an overwhelming atmosphere of sterility about the place: the few books and records could have been purchased by a cunning sixth-grader: Hemingway and Updike; Sergio Mendes and José Feliciano: words and music to seduce lovely but low-IQ girls by. Revson apologizes: "I really don't have the *time* to do what I'd like to do."

Ah, but there in the midst of the trophies and the nonbooks, uttering its magnificent message in small print—in a voice much louder than a dozen Felicianos—lies the pillbox. EVERYTHING IS SWEETENED BY RISK. This is the coda not only of the counterphobe but of the existentialist as well. Revson took no risks to speak of during the last Can-Am race of the season at nearby Riverside. Realizing that he had only to finish sixth or better in the 28-car field to become the first American Can-Am champ, Revson let his teammate, Den-

continued



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PETER REVSON continued

ny Hulme, run away with the race. He also knew that with this successful season behind him he would get back to where he once belonged: Grand Prix racing. On the strength of his performance in the Can-Ams, Peter Revson has ceased to be a mere backup driver. This year he will drive a McLaren on the Formula I circuit.

Of course the Grand Prix competition will be far tougher for Revson than the Can-Ams, where in 1971 only his teammate, Hulme, and Jackie Stewart in Carl Haas' L&M Lola offered any serious trouble. Formula I is currently seeded with the best brood of young drivers in any kind of racing—Ronnie Peterson, Emerson Fittipaldi, François Cevert, Howden Ganley—as well as old masters like Stewart and Jacky Ickx. Over the past two seasons it has also claimed the lives of many men whom Revson ran with as a beginner more than a decade ago: Gerhard Mitter, Jochen Rindt, Bruce McLaren, Piers Courage, Pedro Rodríguez, Jo Siffert. To that extent, Grand Prix has been tougher even than Indy in recent seasons. But the prospects do not leave Revson quivering in his sneakers. In experience, if not in consistency, which he has yet to prove, Revson stands in the top ranks of international road racing. Nor does he defer to the current king. In his acceptance speech during the Can-Am awards at Riverside, he said of Stewart: "Jackie's just a little feller, but he's a hard tryer."

Revson has grown too old and wise, now, to entertain those romantic dreams of instant glory that motivate many young drivers. His brother and his friends have died at the hands of the moment. He seems to be searching for the ultimate, honest matchup—the fair competition that would settle once and for all his ranking among the men with whom he shares a vocation. "It's not my idea," he said in a reflective moment, "but wouldn't it be great if some sponsor would put up, say, a dozen cars—each of them prepared the same way, with the same amount of attention. Then let the 12 best road racers in the world draw numbers from a hat for each car. Then they take off, through a series of a dozen races. Best man wins. . . ."

Looking up through blue cigar smoke, Revson's eyes announce the ultimate victor.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 28-Jan. 3

BASKETBALL—NBA: Though Guard Austin Carr is sidelined with an injured leg until after the All-Star break, surprising Cleveland is winning. The Cavaliers beat Baltimore 108-102 for their fourth straight win over the Central Division leaders this season. John Johnson scored 40 points and Walt Wesley had 20 to pass 4,000 for his career. Two nights later Wesley hit a free throw after time had run out to give Cleveland a 112-111 win over Portland. Cleveland took first place 24 hours later by beating Philadelphia 103-102 on Butch Beard's lay-up with 24 seconds left. The Cavaliers' 15th win matched their total victories for last season. But then Baltimore climbed back into the lead with a 110-102 win to end New York's seven-game streak. John Havlicek led East pacesetter Boston to three victories as the Celtics extended their own streak to 10. First, he hit a long turnaround jumper at the final buzzer to beat Golden State 99-97. Then he scored 36 points and the winning basket with 37 seconds left as Philadelphia fell 120-116. He had 30 more in a 131-119 win over the 76ers, and Hal Greer of Philadelphia passed 21,000 career points in the same game. Finally, Phoenix ended the Celtic streak 114-104. Nobody stopped Los Angeles, which rolled on to 30 straight. The West-leading Lakers had an easy week of it, taking Houston 137-115, Buffalo 105-87 and Seattle 122-106. During the last game, Forward Jim McMillian, who scored 34 points, was asked if he ever got tired of winning. "No," he said, "because we beat different teams every night." Midwest leader Milwaukee was not having such a pleasant time. Chicago took the Bucks 116-105 before 19,497, the largest crowd in Chicago history. It was Milwaukee's third loss in four games. When the Bulls beat Portland 117-92 for their seventh straight and Portland's fourth loss on the road in as many nights, Sidney Wicks of the losers threatened to tell Portland management "a few things."

ABA: Virginia, struggling to catch East leader Kentucky, had a gift week, playing last-place Carolina on three consecutive days. The Squires won all three, but it was hardly fun: 129-126, 126-117 and 124-120. Julius Erving averaged 34 points and Charlie Scott 36. However, Kentucky lost only half a game to the Squires and maintained a five-game lead. After losing 117-111 to Indiana, the Colonels whipped Memphis 125-111, Florida 111-89 and Carolina 124-106 on three straight nights, for nine wins in 10 games. Dan Issel averaged 33 points to stay within range of Scott in the scoring race. West leader Utah beat Dallas 106-102 and Denver 103-98 and held a seven-game lead over Indiana.

BOATING—NEW ZEALAND swept the first three places in the 630-mile, 79-yacht Sydney-to-Hobart race off Australia and was declared winner of the four-race Southern Cross Cup series. **PATHFINDER**, a 38-foot 5-inch sloop skippered by Brin Wilson, placed first on corrected time. Ted Turner's *American Eagle* was fourth.

FOOTBALL—NFC: DALLAS won its second straight conference title with a 14-3 victory over San Francisco (page 12).

AFC: MIAMI won its first conference title, beating defending Super Bowl champion Baltimore 21-0 (page 15).

College: NEBRASKA won the national championship for the second straight year by drubbing Alabama 38-6 in the Orange Bowl (page 8), while STANFORD staged a dramatic upset in the Rose Bowl for the second straight year when Rod Garcia's 31-yard field goal in the final 12 seconds downed unbeaten Michigan 13-12. **PENN STATE** Coach Joe Paterno had feared that Texas' Wishbone offense "might blow us right out of the Cotton Bowl." Instead, the Nittany Lions held Texas without a touchdown for the first time in 80 games and won 30-6. **OKLAHOMA's** Wishbone was more bone and less wish. Quarterback Jack Miltren led the Sooners to 439 yards on the ground and scored three times himself as Oklahoma routed Auburn 40-22 in the Sugar Bowl. Jimmy (The Greek) Poulos ran for a 25-yard score in the third period to give **GEORGIA** a 7-3 win over two-touchdown underdog North Carolina in Jacksonville's Gator Bowl. Charlie Davis, who gained more than 1,300 yards as a sophomore, rushed for two touchdowns of 27 yards and one yard to give **COLORADO** a 29-17 win over host Houston in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. Despite the Peach Bowl's annual mud and rain, **MISSISSIPPI** scored four times in the second quarter and trounced Georgia Tech 41-18 in Atlanta. Woody Green's two-yard touchdown run with 34 seconds left ended a rock-'em, sock-'em inaugural for the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz. and gave AR-

IZONA STATE a 45-38 win over Florida State. **TOLEDO** won its 35th straight, 28-3 over Richmond for a Tangerine Bowl victory in Orlando, Fla. It was Quarterback Chuck Ealey's 65th straight win in a streak that extends back to the ninth grade. The **SOUTH** rose again in intersectional All-Star games. First, Bobby Majors of Tennessee, who does it all, did something he had not even tried since high school—kick an extra point—to give the South a 7-6 win in the Shrine game in Miami and end a five-year victory streak by the North. A night later, Stahle Vincent of Rice scored on a seven-yard touchdown run and George Hunt of Tennessee kicked a 19-yard field goal to give the South its fourth straight win, 9-0 in the Blue-Gray game in Montgomery, Ala. Gary Hammond of SMU threw scoring passes of 45 and 28 yards as the **WEST** beat the East 17-13 in the Shrine Classic game in San Francisco.

HARNESS RACING—RUM CUSTOMER, driven by Del Insko, set a career pacer earnings mark of \$1,001,448 by winning the \$5,000 Millionaire Mile at Illinois' Aurora Downs. The 6-year-old eclipsed Cardigan Bay's previous mark of \$1,000,837 on his last race. He will be retired to stud at Lana Lobell Farms in Hanover, Pa.

HERVE FILION of Quebec set a single-season record with 543 victories for 1971, beating the previous record of 486 he set last year.

HOCKEY—The Rangers continued to flaunt the NHL's highest scoring attack by beating Montreal and Philadelphia by 5-1 scores to retain a three-point lead in the East Division. "I've never seen anything like it. They are keeping me in business," said an ecstatic ticket scalper at Madison Square Garden. He was talking about New York's record-setting first line—Vic Hadfield, Jean Ratelle and Rod Gilbert—which got five of the team's 10 goals and has scored in 32 of 36 games. Chicago's top line of Chico Maki, Bobby Hull and Pit Martin picked up five points in a 6-3 win over Los Angeles to increase its total to 48 in 10 games. Then Boston ended the West leader's eight-game win streak 5-1. The Bruins' Phil Esposito, seeking his third scoring title in four years, had one goal in a 3-1 win over Toronto, another in the Chicago game and a third as Boston tied Minnesota 2-2. He leads the league with 64 points. Philadelphia beat Pittsburgh 6-1 to tie the Penguins for fourth place in the West, but Pittsburgh Coach Red Kelly said he was not worried. "We've been playing the best teams recently," he said, "and except for this game against Philadelphia, we've played well." Then the Penguins, who had won only one of their last 11, managed a 3-3 tie with Buffalo. In a battle of pride, or something, between the two last-place teams, Los Angeles beat Vancouver 3-1.

HORSE RACING—ROYAL OWL (\$2.20) won the \$59,100 California Breeders' Champion Stakes at Santa Anita by 6½ lengths over D. B. Carm for Jockey Willie Shoemaker's 548th career stakes win. Shoemaker is six stakes victories short of Eddie Arcaro's record.

SOCCER—HOWARD UNIVERSITY beat St. Louis 3-2 for the NCAA title in Miami (page 56).

SPEED SKATING—ERHARD KELLER of West Germany lowered his own world record for 500 meters by .12 seconds with a time of 38.30 in Inzell, Germany.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: ACK ACK, a 5-year-old, as racing's Horse of the Year.

SETTLED: The price for the new Long Island franchise in the NHL. Roy Boe, who also owns the ABA's New York Nets, was awarded the hockey club for a \$6 million entry fee and an additional \$4 million indemnification payment to the New York Rangers, whose territory is being invaded. A group of Atlantans, headed by former Philadelphia Flyers Owner Bill Putnam, paid \$6 million, too, but with no indemnification fee, for the Deep South's first NHL franchise.

SOLD: THE MONTREAL CANADIENS, the Montreal Forum and the club's Nova Scotia farm team, to a group headed by Jacques Courtois, a Montreal lawyer, for an estimated \$15 million.

FIRE: JIM DOOLEY, 41, as coach of the Chicago Bears by Owner George Halas, who had selected Dooley as his successor four years ago. "The record speaks for itself," Halas said. Dooley was 20-36 and his Bears finished the 1971 season with five consecutive losses.

DIED: JOE AILLET, 67, who coached Louisiana Tech to a 151-86-8 record in football between 1940 and 1966; of cancer, in Ruston, La.

CREDITS

12, 13—Walter Ioss Jr.; 14, 15—James Drake; 16—Neil Leiter, Heinz Kluemeier; 18, 19—Sheedy & Long; 53—UPI, London Daily Express-Pictorial Parade; 54—John Iacono; 57—Heinz Kluemeier; 60-62—Pete Biro; 68—Harold Campton (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



JAMIE DYAS, 5, of Midland, Ohio, has ridden her 8-year-old quarter horse Royal Minnie to 15 first-place finishes in shows against children twice her age. She ended the season in third place for the 14-and-under Ohio youth activity mare-at-halter class competition.



BERNIE PEETERS, a fullback for Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, set an NCAA college-division record with 1,072 rushing attempts in four years. He gained more than 1,000 yards in three seasons and placed fourth in college-division history with 4,435 yards.



KAREN OVERSTREET, 17, a senior at Frontier Regional School, South Deerfield, Mass., scored 33 goals and had 11 assists in 19 games to lead her field hockey team to its fifth straight unbeaten season. She had a four-year career total of 80 goals and 31 assists.



ROBIN GEISZ, an All-America defenseman for Florissant Valley Community College, St. Louis, led the Norsemen to a 3-2 win over Monroe CC for a third straight national junior college soccer championship. The defense allowed only four goals in 13 games.



DAVID JONES, 17, goalie for Westtown (Pa.) High's soccer team, shut out 13 of 19 opponents in his two-year varsity career. He became a starter for the last five games of the 1970 season and blanked all opposition, then allowed only 11 goals in 1971.



BRUCE LAIRD, a running back for American International College, Springfield, Mass., rushed for 1,402 yards and 14 touchdowns and was the first college-division representative in 33 years to be selected the area's outstanding player by the Boston Gridiron Club.



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HEMINGWAY'S JOURNAL

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to your fine magazine, let me extend kudos to you for publishing *An African Journal*, beginning with *Miss Mary's Lion* in your Dec. 20 issue.

Ernest Hemingway, to my way of thinking, was the greatest user of the English language.

K. M. BENNETT

Bellaire, Texas

Sirs:

Granted Ernest Hemingway was an accomplished artist—in my opinion you have done him a grave injustice by printing *Miss Mary's Lion*. I wager not one out of a thousand of your subscribers who started this article ever condescended to waste the time it would take to finish it.

I consider SI a sports magazine, and this is so foreign to sports I question your staff for its inability to save you the embarrassment of publishing this type of nothingness. How you could publish such a fine magazine and, in this particular issue, do such a wonderful blood-and-guts story on one of the best golfers—no, the best golfer—who has yet to hit the golf world, and then ruin the whole issue with *Miss Mary's Lion* is inconceivable to me.

JOE B. CRONIN

Waukon, Iowa

Sirs:

Plaudits are indeed due you and Ray Cave for publishing *Miss Mary's Lion* by Ernest Hemingway. The initiative was commendable and the execution superlative. Hats off.

NICHOLAS ANDES

Lancaster, Pa.

LEE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your choice of Lee Trevino (*A Common Man with an Uncommon Touch*, Dec. 20) as Sportsman of the Year is ridiculous. This guy reveals his skills a few times a month and then disappears to count his money. What about the real athlete who, day after day, continues to stand out in the sport in which he plays? Such a person would be Mr. Hockey, Gordie Howe. It would not be enough to give the statistics Howe compiled in 25 long years of service, although you could fill an entire issue with just those. On or off the ice, Gordie Howe is a great athlete as well as a great person. The word "great" is often misused in the world of sports, or it is used too early in an athlete's life. But not in the case of Gordie. He has already proved his greatness.

GREG GOLEN

Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Sirs:

Vida Blue brought back baseball as our national pastime. During the World Series Roberto Clemente became the god of hitting. Kareem Jabbar dominated a sport of superstars. Joe Frazier made sure that the heavyweight championship was no longer in doubt. Ken Dryden led the Canadiens through a string of startling upsets. These are just a few of the athletes who deserved your award more than a golfer with a good personality.

RICH FREEDMAN
DAVID YOFFE
MICHAEL POSNER
ROBERT GOLD

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

Choosing the most qualified candidate for the title of Sportsman of the Year is indeed a dubious undertaking. Past controversies over some of your earlier selections bear this out. However, if you receive any criticism this year (and you undoubtedly will), rest assured that it will be entirely unjustified.

Every year there are outstanding sportsmen, and every sport has its share of them. But who can deny the 1971 Sportsman of the Year honor to a man who accomplished so much, overcame so many obstacles and still was able to give back to his sport and to life in general much more than either ever permitted him to start out with? Here's to your choice of Lee Trevino. Remember him when you choose the Sportsman of the Decade.

WILLIAM C. GASSMAN

New Ellenton, S.C.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your selection of Lee Trevino as Sportsman of the Year. He has indeed given the game of golf to all economic and social levels, exactly where it belongs.

Another of Lee's charitable donations was made in June 1970 in Fort Wayne, Ind. The Mad Anthonys of Fort Wayne, a local civic organization that annually sponsors the Hoosier Celebrity Golf Tournament with all proceeds going to charity, invited Lee to be one of the two guest pros for the 1970 golf clinic and exhibition match at the Fort Wayne Country Club. Not only did Lee donate his entire purse to local charities, but he paid his own expenses in and out of Fort Wayne. No other pro golfer in our 14-year history of staging this annual event has done so. It was not asked or suggested that Lee do this. He did it of his own free will, with no thought on his part that he would receive any publicity from it.

Lee Trevino is truly a sportsman in all ways.

TOM HALL
Vice-president
The Mad Anthonys

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Your selection of Lee Trevino as Sportsman of the Year is unquestionably accurate. Curry Kirkpatrick's article about Trevino is a refreshing insight and pays due honor to this gifted and extraordinary athlete and person, except in one significant respect: your title should have read *An Uncommon Man with the Common Touch*. It is both fitting and appropriate that tribute should be given such an uncommon common man in the same issue with a story by Ernest Hemingway.

MICHAEL A. GRANT

Fort Hood, Texas

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VIEW

Sirs:

It was a pleasure to see such refreshing photography as that of Mark Kauffman (*Sport Is a Double Exposure*, Dec. 20). Being a photographer myself, I have done a lot of double exposures. Because my two main interests are sports and photography, I am able to appreciate both the effort and the results. In future issues I hope you will devote a section to unique photography in sport.

RONALD ROSENAU

Abington, Pa.

RODEO

Sirs:

Jerry Kirshenbaum deserves to circle the arena (on a gentle mount, if he prefers) for his coverage of the National Finals Rodeo (*And They Laid It on the Lyne at the O.C. Corral*, Dec. 20). It was the best piece of recent rodeo reporting I've read in a national publication.

One minor correction: none of the rodeo hands who tucked their winnings into Levi's was paid to endorse the products of "the cowboy's tailor."

BUD JOHNS
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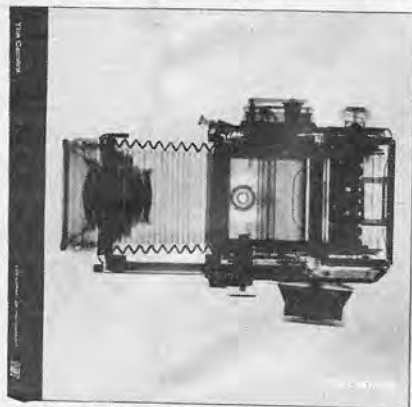
GENTLEMAN'S GAME

Sirs:

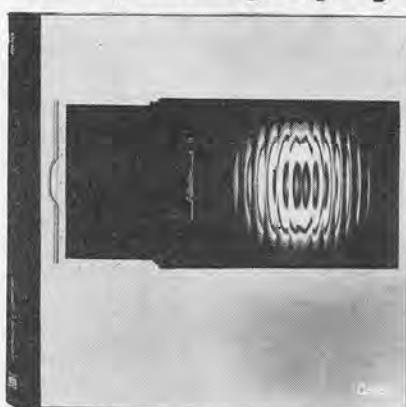
Heartiest commendations for Dan Levin's splendid article on rugby (*Whiffenpoofs and Wallabies*, Dec. 13). It presented well the basic spirit of rugby. American ruggers and fans know that they do not hold the spotlight of American sports interest. We are always pleased to have the word spread on

continued

There is a paradox about photography...



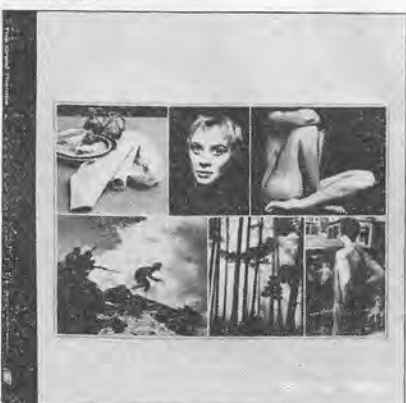
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19TH HOLE *continued*

this great gentleman's game. To learn the game is to love it, so hats off to SI for spreading the good word.

GREGG YOUNG

President

Rice University Rugby Club

Houston

Sirs:

Thank you for Dan Levin's article on the rugby match between Australia and the Eastern Rugby Union All-Stars. This was not, however, the "first appearance ever in the United States" of a Wallaby team. The Wallabies played at least three games here during the world tour of 1948. I was privileged to be a member of the UCLA team that faced them that spring, and they subsequently played an all-star team in Los Angeles before traveling up to Berkeley to meet Cal. Levin's description of the current Wallabies sounds very much like the 1948 edition. They were very large and tough, superb ruggers, fine sportsmen, prodigious drinkers and darned nice blokes.

DONALD K. MACBETH

Berwyn, Pa.

GALLOPING GREG

Sirs:

Thanks to Tex Maule for his fine article on Greg Landry (*Look What's Afoot*, Dec. 13). He has truly captured the genius behind this brilliant young superstar. Landry is a master of his art and in complete control of every situation for every second that he is on the field. Not only did Galloping Greg have an outstanding year, he is the one to watch in the future.

HOWARD HEYMAN

Southfield, Mich.

CHAMPIONSHIP FORM

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent article of Sept. 9, 1968, *Pursuit of a Big Blue Chipper*. Jack Mildren is certainly everything you said about him.

The possibility of a national championship was mentioned in the 1968 article as a drawing card to get Jack to enroll at Oklahoma. In my opinion, Jack beat Nebraska's immovable defense this year. I keep expecting a follow-up article on Jack. We here in Oklahoma were amazed at the way he kept coming back Saturday after Saturday, taking a tremendous physical beating yet still showing championship form both on and off the field. This letter is a tribute not only to a fine young man and athlete, but also to a three-year-old forecast by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

J. T. MCKINNEY JR.

Tulsa

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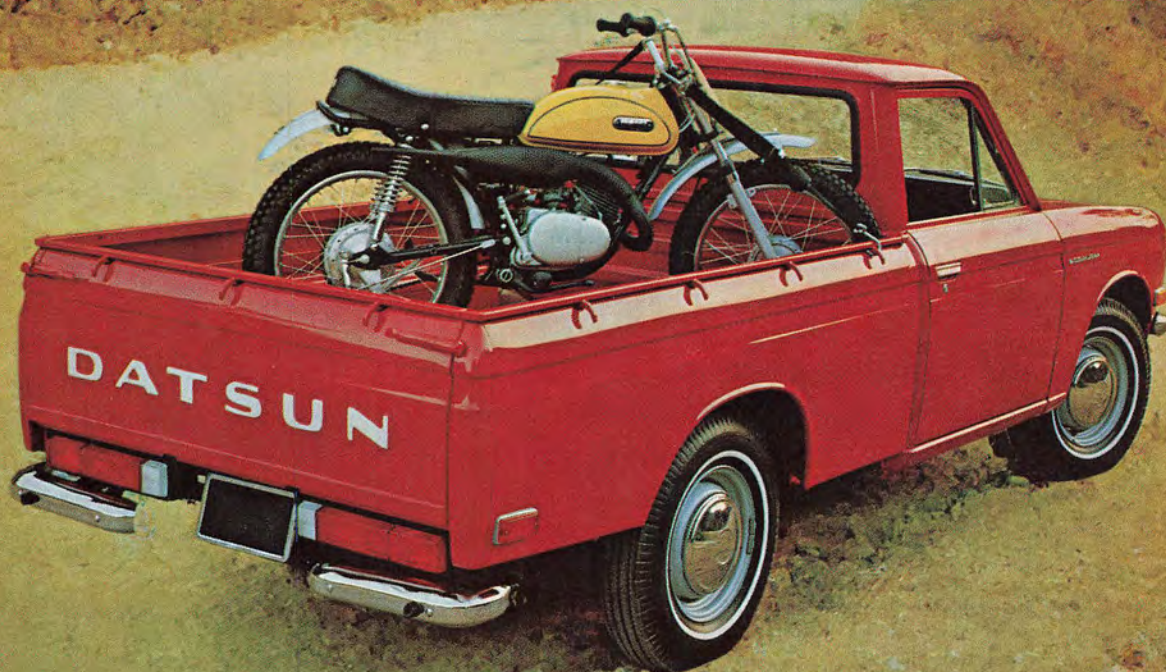
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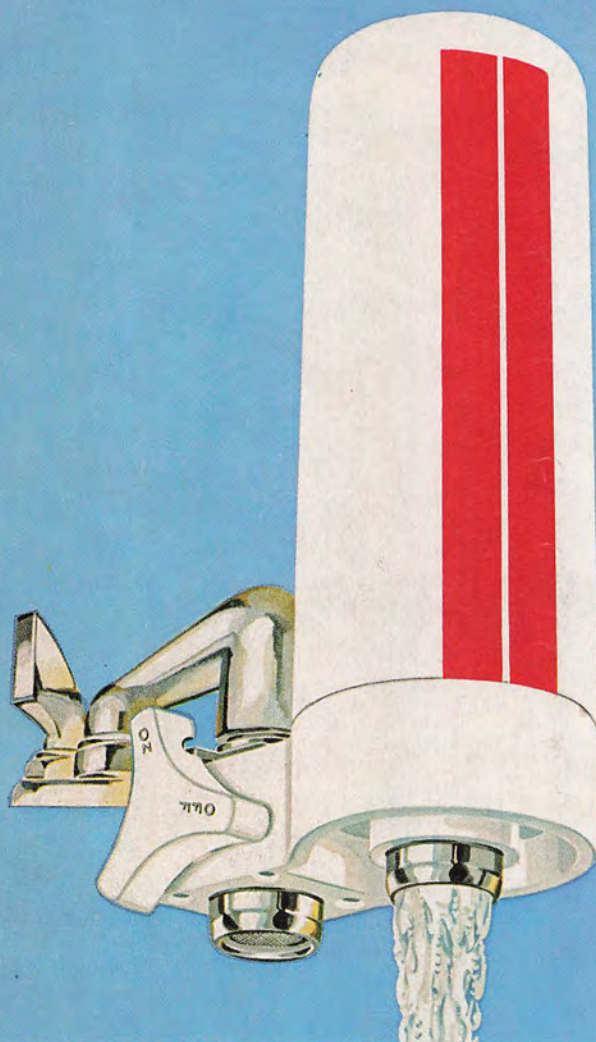
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